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JAMES HARPER.

THE grandfather of JAMES HARPER was an Englishman, and one of the earliest American Methodists. He came to this country about 1740, and his son JOSEPH, born in 1766, settled as a farmer at Newtown, upon Long Island. He married ELIZABETH KOLLYER, a woman of vigorous and superior character, of a cheerful piety and kindly humor, and their oldest child, JAMES, was born in Newtown on the 13th of April, 1795. The town is now one of the populous suburbs of the city, but at that time it was still a secluded country village; and JAMES, with his younger brothers, remained quietly at home, going to the district school and working upon his father's farm. The influence of his home confirmed his naturally sturdy and honest character; and at the age of sixteen he and his brother JOHN were apprenticed to different printers in New York—two boys beginning active life with no capital but sound principle and honest purpose. JAMES was a lad of great personal strength, which was confirmed by his regular and correct habits. THURLOW WEED was a fellow-workman. The friendship then begun lasted through life, and a full-length photograph of his old companion in trade hung over the mantel in the dining-room of Mr. HARPER's house when he left it for the last time. JAMES was soon the most noted pressman in the city, and it is a tradition that if he disliked a fellow-pressman, and wished to be rid of him, he outworked him, and so compelled him to retire.

The habits of his rural home followed him to the city. In an age when every body drank ardent spirits freely he was strictly temperate, and the cold-water disciple justified his faith by his works. With the cheerful constancy of the fathers of his Church he quietly resisted the temptations of the city, and opened a prayer-meeting in the house of an old colored woman in Ann Street, and joined the John Street Methodist Church. Meanwhile to their simple and thrifty method of life JAMES and his brother added work out of hours, so that when their apprenticeship was ended they had a little money saved. Their capital now was sound principle, honest purpose, a trade of which they were masters, and some hundreds of dollars increased from their father's means; and with this capital, in a small printing-office in Dover Street, they began the business which has expanded through half a century into that of HARPER & BROTHERS.

At first the young men printed books to order, doing a part of the composing and press-work with their own hands. In August, 1817, they delivered two thousand copies of SENECA'S "Morals"—the first book they printed—to EVERT DUYCKINCK, a noted bookseller of that day; in December twenty-five hundred copies of MAIR'S "Introduction to Latin," and in April, 1818, five hundred copies of LOCKE'S "Essay upon the Human Understanding," upon which the imprint of J. & J. HARPER as publishers first appeared. They proceeded with characteristic care. When contemplating the publication of a book, especially if a reprint, they sent to the leading houses in the trade to ascertain the number of copies each would take; and so, slowly and steadily feeling their way, intent only upon good work well done, improving every opportunity with prompt sagacity, their business rapidly extended, and the firm of J. & J. HARPER was soon the most eminent publishing house in the country. Perhaps the most famous work that bears the imprint of J. & J. HARPER is the series known as "Harper's Family Library"—a collection familiar to every American reader during the last thirty years. The volumes were of convenient form, and the Library included standard and attractive works of every kind—such as MILMAN'S "History of the Jews," SOUTHEY'S "Life of Nelson," GALT'S "Life of Byron," SCOTT'S "Demonology and Witchcraft," CUNNINGHAM'S "Lives of the Painters," BREWSTER'S "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," Mrs. JAMESON'S "Female Sovereigns," LANDER'S "African Travels," and many more.

Two younger brothers, JOSEPH WESLEY and FLETCHER, were apprenticed to the firm, and when admitted as partners, the style was changed to HARPER & BROTHERS, and in 1825 the house was established at numbers 81 and 82 Cliff Street, upon a part of the site which their buildings now occupy. It was then the largest printing house in the city, employing fifty persons and ten hand-presses. Cliff Street was a narrow street just back of Pearl, in what is called the Swamp, the seat of the leather trade. But it was familiar to almost all American authors. When they went there and stopped at the HARPERS' they found a small and very plain office, in which there was little room for idlers, and a brisk and incessant industry was every where apparent. They met a frank courtesy, clearness of statement, and decision. It was strictly a place of business, and of business which had so increased that on the 10th of December, 1853, it occupied 9 large contiguous buildings full of costly machinery of every kind, with stores of plates and books—buildings alive with workmen, humming with industry, the monument of the skill and integrity and constant devotion to their business and to each other of the four brothers—when a workman threw a piece of lighted paper into what appeared to be a trough of water, but which was really camphene, and in a few hours the buildings were a mass of smoking rubbish, and almost without insurance.

The loss was about a million of dollars; but JAMES and his brothers were immediately quartered at SHEFFIELD'S paper warehouse, at the corner of Beekman and Gold streets, and were actively engaged in renewing their business. Presses were employed in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Nothing was forgotten. The next monthly issue of the *Magazine* had been made ready, and it was reproduced at the earliest moment. One regular contributor then in Chicago received the first news of the fire by a brief telegram: "Copy destroyed. Send fresh copy immediately." Before the ruins were cleared away the plans of the new buildings were ready, and the buildings themselves were rapidly finished, covering half an acre of ground. They are all of iron and brick and cement, seven stories high, towering into the air upon Franklin Square, not far from the East River, as if hoping to look across to the quiet old country homestead at Newtown.

Of course the development and organization of such a business were due not to one brother alone, but to the co-operation of all. But this is not the place to enlarge upon a fraternal friendship as extraordinary as its outward results are remarkable. The business was to JAMES, as to the others, the great and central interest; but prosperity could not relax his steady character. He did not forget his early faith, nor the counsels and the habits of his Long Island

JAMES HARPER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

home. He remained strictly a "Temperance man," and his marvelous physical vigor was claimed by the Temperance advocates as that of a cold-water man. He was long an official member of John Street Church, and when he left his house in Rose Street, and went to live in the upper part of the city, he joined the congregation at St. Paul's Church, in the Fourth Avenue. But with all his fidelity to his ancestral faith he cherished the largest charity, and by much experience of the world had learned to agree with his favorite apostle James, that pure religion and undefiled is to visit the fatherless and widow, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. Thus, with all his conviction and devotion, there was nothing hard or fanatical in his feeling or conduct, and he held the pleasantest personal relations with men of every faith. Few men indulged in so little harsh criticism of others, and he expressed censure or disapprobation by humorous indirection rather than by open accusation. "We must not be too hard," he was fond of saying; "it is so difficult to know all the circumstances. If you should insist, for instance, that the use of tobacco is a sin, dear me! dear me!" Mr. HARPER was a Whig during the days of that party, and a natural conservative. But in politics he showed the same moderation and toleration. "Don't try to drive men too roughly; my dear Sir, it is so much easier to draw than to push!" He took no conspicuous or active part in politics, except in 1844, when he was elected Mayor of the city. He was constantly asked to serve in Congress and in other public stations; but he steadily declined, saying, with a sly smile, that he preferred to stick to the business that he understood.

To that business his heart and life were given. Of late years its active cares had naturally fallen into the hands of his younger associates; but he never relaxed his interest and devotion. "While I was dressing," said a much younger neighbor, "I used to see Mayor HARPER coming out of his house to go down town, and felt ashamed of myself." Early at the office, he opened and looked over the mail; and during the hours of the morning he passed from one room to another, his shrewd eye seeing every thing and measuring men and work, chatting and jesting as he went. But out of those shrewd eyes looked a kind and gentle heart. He knew by name the men and women and children employed in the various parts of the great buildings, interested himself in their family stories, and often won a confidence that was never betrayed. His charities, which were ample, were thus intelligent and effective, and poor men as well as women bent to kiss his calm unchanged face as he lay in his coffin.

To the last day of his conscious life JAMES HARPER was as erect of figure and as buoyant of spirit as a boy. His interest in public affairs, which was that of a sagacious spectator, was unabated. He was one of the best known and highly honored citizens of the city, whose marvelous growth had continued with that of his own fortunes, but his life never lost its early simplicity and regularity. For some time his family had observed that, in the daily religious service at home, he no longer prayed to be delivered from sudden death, and upon being asked why, answered, pleasantly, "The Lord knows best." On Thursday, the 25th of March, he came to the office in his usual health. For the last time his cheerful face and stalwart form were seen in all the rooms as he moved rapidly about. Then going up town he sat for the photograph from which this portrait is printed; and having dined, drove out as usual with his daughter. A brother publisher in the city, upon horseback, passed him near the Central Park, and remarked to his daughter who was riding with him, "How well Mr. HARPER looks!" Soon afterward, the pole of the carriage suddenly broke, and the horses, although docile and well-trained, were frightened and ran. At once they were beyond the control even of Mr. HARPER's strong hand, and he and his daughter were presently thrown violently to the pavement. She happily escaped serious injury, and was carried home. Her father was taken insensible to St. Luke's Hospital, where, without regaining consciousness, he died on the next Saturday evening, at a quarter past seven, surrounded by his family, excepting his wife, who had been long an invalid.

The expression of the public sorrow and respect was general and sincere, and the funeral in the church which he attended was a touching demonstration of the regard in which he was held by the city in which he had lived his modest and blameless and honorable life. But among all the public and private tributes to his memory the one that he would most have valued was that of those engaged in every department of his business, who knew him most familiarly in his daily duty, and who, at a meeting at which Mr. HENRY MARSH, for forty-seven years associated with the business of HARPER & BROTHERS, presided, after appropriate remarks, passed these resolutions:

Whereas, In the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. JAMES HARPER, we, the employés of the firm of which the deceased was for more than half a century the senior partner, have cause, through our long association with him and our knowledge of his generous character, his forbearing and kindly nature, for more than common regret; we deem it proper that we should put on record the high respect in which we held him; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. JAMES HARPER society has lost an ornament, the community an upright and esteemed citizen, his immediate family a devoted husband and father, and his employés a considerate, kindly, and honorable employer. While we, in common with our fellow-citizens at large, have extreme regret for his loss to the community, we have beyond that a deeper sorrow growing out of our personal acquaintance with him, and the remembrance of his genial presence and the kindly sympathy and encouragement with which he always lightened our labors. On account of that evident sympathy and good-will toward us which was so characteristic of him, our recollections of him are especially endeared.

Resolved, That to his immediate family, and to the surviving brothers of the firm, we tender our thorough, heart-felt sympathy for their irreparable loss, hoping that their sorrow will be assuaged by the remembrance that his was a fully completed and honored life.

The funeral was on Tuesday, the 30th of March, and early the next morning JAMES HARPER was laid tenderly by those who loved him best in his grave at Greenwood Cemetery.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1869.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PARTY.

THERE were those who hoped that the President, who had been elected by the people, as they said, would discard the politicians and rely upon the country. What do such words mean? Who is the country, and what are the people? They are the Republican and Democratic parties. There is not a vast reserved multitude of "people" independent of parties. The people are divided into the great party organizations; and to expect that the President would endeavor to find some one who was in sympathy with neither, was to expect that he would be guilty of unutterable folly.

There were those, for instance, who hoped that Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS would be made Secretary of State. The columns of this paper are the witness of our appreciation of Mr. ADAMS's ability and service. But Mr. ADAMS has chosen to withdraw from the Republican party. Upon the eve of an election which involved the essential question whether the late rebels should control the Government Mr. ADAMS preferred to express no opinion. Now, at such a time for a man like Mr. ADAMS not to speak was to express himself a thousandfold more loudly than if he had shouted. The people of the country, who felt in every fibre that the war was a real thing, and that no misfortune was so threatening as the presence of WADE HAMPTON and his party in the Government, elected General GRANT. Mr. ADAMS showed no sign of interest or sympathy. His son, inferentially, under the circumstances, with his father's assent, had been coquetting with WADE HAMPTON, and was the candidate of WADE HAMPTON's party for Governor of Massachusetts. If General GRANT's first act had been the nomination of Mr. ADAMS as Secretary of State, he would have paralyzed the party that elected him, and opened a struggle like that from which that party has just victoriously emerged.

The government of this country is a party government. When a President is elected, he is the representative of principles and a policy which are approved by a constitutional majority of the people, who are the source of power. Those people, therefore, have a right to demand that those principles shall prevail, and, as in the absence of a proper civil service system the control of the Executive Administration is essential to the effective organization of the party, they will naturally expect that the Administration will be intrusted to honest and capable men, who are also of the party. If a man believes that the ascendency of his party is essential to the highest public welfare, knowing the necessity of thorough party organization to that result, he will properly take every honorable means to strengthen and complete that organization.

Now politician is a very elastic term. BURKE and WILKES, HAMILTON and FRENEAU, were all politicians. They took an active interest in politics and in party organizations. The reproach of many of the best American citizens has always been that they are not politicians. If the word has come to have an offensive significance, it is because those who should have kept it pure have evaded their duty. They have allowed it to become synonymous with rascal. But it has still a higher meaning, which every honest man will remember, and every patriotic man will endeavor to restore. An American who plumes himself upon not being a politician, in the sense of not being interested in politics, is as wise as the captain of a ship who should take pride in knowing nothing of navigation.

It is plain enough that the independence which General GRANT proposes to himself was not of party, but an independence of choice within the party. Undoubtedly his cabinet as first named was a disappointment; but it was strictly a Republican cabinet, and whoever might have been named the disappointment was inevitable. The disappointment will continue, and for the same reason; namely, that the friends of every applicant who fails will complain. If any man, however, will reflect how impossible it is, under our present system, that the Chief Executive should accurately know the character of those whom he must nominate, and upon the reckless manner in which candidates are recommended, he will be very charitable in his judgment of the nominating power. The President may hold his subordinates responsible, but the subordinates also must act not upon knowledge but upon representation. It is, indeed, the people themselves who are primarily responsible for the character and capacity of men in office, for the Senators must also rely upon representations. Let no Republican, therefore, who has recommended any applicant from good-nature, or from any reason but persuasion of fitness, presume to cavil at the Executive action.

AN UNSETTLING SETTLEMENT.

IT is desirable that all laws should be as intelligible as words will permit, and it is therefore a serious defect in the bill reported by the Conference Committee upon the Tenure-of-Office law that each side claimed the victory, and Mr. TRUMBULL made one statement to the Senate, and General BUTLER precisely the reverse statement to the House. General BUTLER then appealed to that intolerable nuisance—the previous question, and the consequence is another confused and perplexing law. As we write, the President has neither signed nor vetoed it. But, although it is in the nature of an ostensible concession to his views, we can not help hoping that in the interest of clear and precise legislation he may veto it.

The point has been plain from the beginning of the long debate. The substantial question is, shall the President remove at pleasure? The discussion has been inevitably, but illogically, mingled with the question of personal confidence in General GRANT; for it is simply a question of purity of administration. The Constitution does not decide it, and when the point was presented in the early Congress, it was decided against the Senate by a tie vote. Mr. WEBSTER was of opinion that practice had interpreted the Constitution upon the subject; but that is a kind of interpretation which may be always challenged.

Mr. GRIMES, who is a repealer, said that he wanted to give President GRANT the same chance that every other President had enjoyed. But he did not stay to suggest why the law was passed. The reason of the passage of the law was, that experience had proved that it might be dangerous to the country that the President should enjoy that chance. It is no answer to say that President GRANT could be trusted and therefore the law might be repealed. So Mr. STEWART could be trusted as Secretary of the Treasury; but was Mr. GRIMES ready to repeal the law that barred his entrance into the Treasury Department? Laws are not made upon personal but upon general considerations. The weakness or the crimes of individuals, indeed, may furnish forcible arguments, but that is all. The justification of the Tenure bill was not the conduct of ANDREW JOHNSON, but the peculiar and perilous power lodged with the Executive. If, as General BUTLER says, the Tenure bill was leveled at ANDREW JOHNSON alone, and was passed upon no general considerations whatever, then it ought to be repealed. But if JOHNSON's conduct was merely the revelation of a danger to which public attention had not been previously called, then the repeal should not be carried until the public danger is demonstrated not to exist. Now the debate which led to the passage of the law did not proceed upon ANDREW JOHNSON's delinquencies, but upon general and constitutional considerations.

Mr. DAVIS of New York, of whose remarks we have seen but a brief report, said that the Senate could not be held to any responsibility for the retention of improper persons. Without demanding whether it is practicable to hold the President to any similar responsibility, it may be asked whether the Senate can be held to any responsibility for improper appointments? An unfit officer is the fault of the Senate quite as much as of the Executive; and to suppose that the Senate would insist upon retaining a dishonest or incompetent officer is to assert that it would confirm him. But is the power of confirmation to be questioned? If we recur to the Constitution we must agree that it does not mean to authorize the Executive arbitrarily to make a clean sweep of the officers to whose appointment the Senate has just consented. Still there was no defense against such unconstitutional action. JOHNSON was engaged in precisely that performance. The attention of Congress and the country was called to it—and the Tenure bill was framed.

The President is by no means the unchecked Executive that he is sometimes alleged to be. He is *not* solely responsible for the execution of the laws, because he has not an uncontrolled authority of appointment. He must be satisfied with such officers as the Senate approves. The Senate can not, indeed, fill the offices without his nomination—but neither can he fill them without the approval of the Senate. Presumptively, therefore, the responsibility is divided. Then the extent of the division must be determined by experience and grave reflection. But the obscure bill which has been passed by Congress, so far as it can be interpreted, authorizes the President to suspend merely, and then subjects even his nominating power to the will of the Senate. The President, it says, may suspend until the end of the next session of Congress; but if during that session the Senate refuses to confirm a nomination to the place he may make another. But how if the Senate does not refuse, and does not confirm? The suspension lasts to the end of the session, and the Senate has not acted. Is the office then vacant, or is the suspended officer restored? We defy any body to determine from the bill. General BUTLER says loudly, that of course the office is vacant. But General BUTLER is not the bill.

It is simply unpardonable that a law so important should be so obscure. It was not a question of skillful overreaching between the Senate and the House, but of the highest public welfare. If the House had had the firmness to insist upon understanding what it was doing, and the resolution to teach General BUTLER that the interest of the country and not his will was to determine its action, this absurd result would have been avoided. It is a settlement that settles nothing, and that will return to plague those who connived at it.

COTTON CULTIVATION IN INDIA.

THE Cotton Supply Association, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Cotton Spinners' Association of Manchester, which together represent the combined cotton-producing and manufacturing interests of England, appeared before the DUKE OF ARGYLE, at the India Office in London, on the 12th of March, to urge upon the British East India Company the adoption of more active measures for increasing the supply of cotton from India. They conceded that they were now "*in lack of the raw material*"—a concession which, coming from such sources, will be deemed by this country conclusive as to the true state of that much mooted and hitherto doubtful question. "For eight years," said Mr. CHEETHAM, "the cotton manufacture had not been supplied with six days' work per week."

The deputation complained that, while in India there were sixteen millions of acres under cotton cultivation, no more cotton was produced than from two millions of acres in the United States. What the deputation wanted in India was better canal and railway communication, improved means of irrigation, and model farms, so as to induce better cultivation and the use of more manure, which it seems was used for burning instead of being applied to the land.

The question what policy should be pursued opens a matter of vast interest to us and to England. The East India Company is older than our government. It commenced as a commercial monopoly in 1698, in the reign of WILLIAM III. It became entitled to territorial possessions in 1767, and subsequently to territorial revenues. These powers were subsequently enlarged by successive conquests and additional legislation, until they embraced the complete government of a vast empire. The Company, which consists of about 1800 proprietors, is controlled as to its laws and regulations by a council of fifteen, seven elected by the Court of Directors and eight by the Crown—a majority to be persons who had either resided in India or served under its government. The Queen may remove any officer of the Company at any time.

The Company abandoned its property, territorial and commercial, to Great Britain, on a satisfactory arrangement as to its debts, and the payment of certain dividends, and now exists as a great engine of State, invested with the control and government of a country annexed to the British Crown.

The means are ample for acceding to the requests of the Lancashire associations; but whether it is good policy to do so, or to rely upon the cultivation of cotton in the United States, is the question which must in time be solved.

Although the cotton-plant is indigenous to Hindostan and other of the East India possessions, its cultivation is attended with serious difficulties. Instead of the mild climate and the refreshing rains which fall as they are required in our cotton district, Hindostan has a regular rainy season, is visited with severe monsoons, and is afflicted with a degree of heat the most oppressing to those engaged in agricultural industry. It is so severe as to render artificial irrigation necessary. From these causes, in great part, arise the complaint of the Manchester associations that the cultivation of 16,000,000 acres in cotton gives only the product which in the United States is raised on 2,000,000.

The cultivation of the cotton-plant resembles more nearly that of the best garden cultivation than any other. The process of preparation, planting, plowing, hoeing, picking, cleaning, and baling, requires incessant labor distributed over the entire year, and all the advantage which can be derived from the most favorable natural causes. The heat, assisted with frequent rains, necessary to bring the plant to perfection, and the degree of frost necessary to destroy the plant—which otherwise would need to be grubbed out, or would be perpetual and inferior—exist in the United States in just proportions. In *tropical* India the plant is not after maturity destroyed by frost; on the contrary, heavy labor is necessary to accomplish its destruction along with the weeds which are protected by the same mildness of climate. Great cracks and fissures in the earth are produced in India by the extraordinary heat, which renders irrigation difficult—an aid to cultivation which, even in more favored climates, is expensive and troublesome. If irrigation were

necessary in any part of our cotton region the portion condemned to this necessity could not well compete with those portions which are naturally and abundantly supplied. It is undoubtedly good policy to provide by artificial means to supply crops with water during portions of the season—a feature which is too much neglected—but that is a very different matter from what is required in India.

The effort to play off India against the United States, which, with respect to cotton, has been the policy of England for many years, has led to heavy expense, piled up into a permanent debt, the fruit also of many wars, and of the unnatural attempt to coerce an enormous population to pursue a policy adapted wholly to foreign interests.

The report of ordinary revenue and expenditure of the Government of India for the year 1868 shows a net surplus of £240,000; but it appears, however, that, including the charges for what is called remunerative public works in the expenditure, a deficiency of £2,801,244 is found, which is £1,800,000 greater than the estimate in March, 1868, made by the Government of India. This difference is supposed to have been caused by advances to Shere Ali, by disbursements on account of the drought, and payments to the East India Irrigation Company, some of which will be repaid.

The Duke of Argyle, it seems, is quite willing to go on with further and large expenditure to gratify the Manchester associations. He would open what he calls the great cotton district of Charwar by a line of railway. Charwar lies in or near the province of Chandiesh, south of the Saulpoora Mountains. The Duke says that finding there was sufficient "information in the office to warrant him in concluding that there was a strong *prima facie* (?) case for the execution of the work," a survey was determined upon, and the gentleman appointed to carry out the survey was then on his way to India. Another road, between Eastern and Western China, was proposed, but, added the Duke, Sir John Lawrence opposed it because "the dangerous character of the native tribes, and the rough nature of the country itself, would involve our explorers in very serious difficulties, that would bring about another Abyssinian expedition."

The "lack of the raw material" of which the several Manchester associations complain is due in great part to the fact that America is afraid of over-production in India, and the natives of India are afraid of over-production in the United States. It is very certain that with all the disadvantages of climate and population which prevail in India, and the great distance from the English market, the India cultivator, oppressed with a distant and hostile government, can not compete successfully with the cotton-producing region in the United States, which, if undisturbed by this competition, would produce all that England requires.

The time referred to by Mr. Cheetham, the President of the Cotton Supply Association, as being that in which "the cotton manufacture had not been supplied with six days' work per week," is that which has intervened since the commencement of the war in this country. Anterior to the war no such complaint was made, and although the United States was the great source of supply to England for raw cotton, it was constantly furnished at a low price. The competition between producers in this country made combinations impossible. Upon this law England may still rely, but as long as she creates the impression here that she can, and will, seriously affect the world's production, the price of cotton will be adjusted to the apparent risk. At Preston, in England, the trade is in great confusion. Wages have been cut down from five to ten per cent.; workmen had struck, and mills had stopped. The anomaly of a complaint of the want of the raw material, and an inability to manufacture profitably what is on hand exists.

From the beginning of our existence as a nation the policy of England toward us has been short-sighted, and in many respects unfriendly. She is now reaping the fruits of her errors. Her statesmen ought to have perceived that a country so favored as ours by Providence would offer large inducements for immigration from over-peopled lands. But instead of turning a friendly eye toward us she has aided in the development of less favored regions. Her surplus population and wealth have been buried in India, in Australia, in Canada, and scattered in smaller settlements. They present in no part of the world a force capable of aiding the home government; on the contrary, she will find that these settlements as they get ripe will drop off from the parent stem, remaining attached only so long as may be necessary to develop maturity. India will be no exception to this rule. The fairest portion of the earth has been neglected until now, when it would appear that her paupers are being thrown upon us as a relief from the dreadful drought with which she has lately been visited. Ireland and Germany have sent their populations to the United States, and to-day, instead of the conservative influence which English emigration might have produced over our institutions, capable of being reflected upon hers, our country is afflicted with elements of a disturbing character which would be wielded against England if they were not steadily controlled.

The jealousy and want of friendly spirit which have hitherto weakened England are still operating in the efforts of the cotton and mercantile associations in Manchester to prop up an unnatural policy in India. The eminent orator who—in the great change which has come over the fortunes of England by extending the franchise—for the first time occupies a seat in the Cabinet, can in no better way save his country and ours than by proving to the English that nothing better can now be done, late though it be, than to abandon India to her fate, and, advancing to a close connection, rely mainly for raw material and food on the productions of the United States.

The judgment of impartial history has fixed upon Hastings the crime of murder inflicted under the forms of law and the most terrible maladministration of his office of Governor-General of India. Tyranny, extortion, corruption, secret torture, violence to women, extermination by fire and sword, desolation and famine inflicted upon thousands—these were his instrumentalities. "*I was resolved*," said he of one of the best Rajahs, "*to draw from his guilt the means of relieving the Company's necessities.*"

Edmund Burke seemed to have been constituted by Providence specially to present to the English nation the great enormity of Hastings's wickedness and crimes, but Hastings was acquitted; and impartial history also adjudges that the tribunal which protected Hastings from punishment was corrupted by the desire to share in the wealth of India.

In tracing the decline of England many will agree that its commencement was due to the assertion of the principle by the House of Lords, with the assent of the king, involved in this decision, that power shall be enjoyed in defiance of what is right and just—a path which must be retraced before England can stand upon her ancient ground.

Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

We are very sorry to be compelled by the letter of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. of March 27, 1869, to recur to the subject of their withholding a box of electrotypes for Sir Samuel Baker's "Cast up by the Sea," which they knew to be intended for Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. state that for reasons satisfactory to them they determined upon some "reprisal" against Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and resolved to publish "Cast up by the Sea," which the Harpers had announced; "*we being under the impression*," say Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., "that they had purchased the early sheets." They add that on the 1st of January (not in December as we stated) a box was delivered to them from London, in which they found "ten electrotypes of illustrations without letterings for 'Cast up by the Sea.' Thinking it probable that some break had occurred in the arrangement between Messrs. Harper and the Messrs. Macmillan & Co., we waited a reasonable time expecting to hear from London about these electrotypes." On the 13th of January Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. wrote to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for an explanation. Their letter was answered on the 30th of January, and on the 13th of February Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. advised Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

To end the whole matter, we publish the following extract and letters:

Extract from a letter from Alexander Macmillan to Mr. Lippincott, October 28, 1868.

"About the Baker, which is nearly ready, Messrs. Harpers wrote, offering us definite terms, which were advantageous, and we accepted, and the sheets are going to them, with casts of the blocks."

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. to Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

London, *March 8, 1869.*

Dear Sirs,—The readiest explanation of the unfortunate mistake with regard to the electrotypes of Sir S. Baker's book will be found in the letter of our printer, of which we inclose a copy.

Messrs. Lippincott were aware that we had arranged with you about the book, having been so informed by us in a letter of October 28.

• • • • • • • •

We are, Dear Sirs, &c.,
(Sgd.) Macmillan & Co.

[*Inclosed in the above.*]

Printing Office, Bread Street Hill, E.C.,
London, *March 3, 1869.*

Gentlemen,—In answer to your inquiry respecting the electros of "Cast up by the Sea," the following are the particulars:

The casts were ordered by you to be forwarded to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and they were made, packed, and dispatched on the 3d December; but, by the carelessness of our packer, the case was directed to Messrs. Lippincott & Co., instead of to Messrs. Harper.

We can offer no excuse for his error, your directions being most clear.

We are, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servants,
(Sgd.) R. Clay, Sons, & Taylor.

Having been distinctly informed, as the preceding extract shows, that a satisfactory arrangement had been concluded with Messrs. Harper & Brothers for sheets and cuts, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. now say that they were "under the impression" that there was such an arrangement; notwithstanding which they waited for six weeks, during which they issued their edition of the work, before informing Messrs. Harper & Brothers that they had received electrotypes which they had been informed two months before were intended for them.

Our object in alluding to the subject is merely to help Messrs. J. B. Lippincott "to place ourselves [themselves] right before the public," which they allege to have been their purpose in their first letter to the London *Athenæum*. As that purpose seems now to be fully accomplished we shall not again refer to the subject.

Mr. MOTLEY.

Our friend and neighbor, the *Sun*, in warmly urging the claims of Mr. Greeley to the English mission, is betrayed by its eager friendship for that gentleman into a singular injustice toward Mr. Motley, when it says: "Mr. J. Lothrop Motley, nominally of Boston, an American by birth, but a European by residence and association."

Now the truth is, that as there is no more conspicuous so there is no more genuine American than Mr. Motley. He has devoted his life to historical study and composition, and every page of his works glows with his ardent and profound sympathy with the American principle, and with American institutions. At the beginning of the rebellion Mr. Motley was an honored guest in England; but he devoted himself with all his eloquence and ability, and with even a passionate patriotism, to correct the British misapprehension, and to withstand the British prejudice in regard to this country. And, not content with a private protest, he published an admirable and well-remembered pamphlet upon "The Causes of the American Civil War," in which he stated, with unanswerable force, the historical and natural argument for the Union; and this, as our excellent friend will remember, was at the time when Mr. Greeley was saying, "If the cotton States unitedly and earnestly wish to withdraw peacefully from the Union, we think they should and would be allowed to do so."

When M'Cracken went eaves-dropping through the houses of our foreign ministers, reporting of them what he chose, and Mr. Seward wrote his unworthy letter, Mr. Motley immediately replied in a tone that should have shamed Mr. Seward, as it commended the historian more closely to every American heart. During the last Presidential campaign Mr. Motley's speech in Boston was not only a masterly argument, but an argument conceived in the best national spirit, while his address, a few weeks afterward, before the New York Historical Society, upon "Historic Progress and American Democracy," was a swift and searching survey of the development of the great principle in obedience to which, in his own words, "America stands upon the firm land toward which other nations are slowly making their way through revolutions or without them."

Mr. Motley is a positive, almost aggressive American in every fibre; and should he be sent to England as Minister of this country, the *Sun* may be assured that he would bring to his duties not only an ample acquaintance with public law, and a sensitive regard to the national honor, but that he would be the truest representative of what is best and most characteristic in American faith and character.

BEAUTIFUL.

That pleasant paper, the New York *World*, says, in one of its recent Numbers, that it would be glad "of the aid of all journals which aim to discuss public questions upon their merits." In a parallel column of the same Number it discloses its idea of such a discussion in the following paragraph:

"The pretended Governor of Louisiana has signed the mixed-school bill. This is a measure of 'peace.' The little wool-heads are to be pigged in along with flaxen curls, and the white man foots the bill."

This forcibly illustrates another truth expressed in the same Number. "It is not our practice to discuss public questions in a narrow spirit which sees nothing in them beyond their bearing upon the transient politics of the hour." Oh no! said Mr. Weller. Oh, certainly not!

A CASE OF JUGGLERY.

In a curious old book, written by Abrahama Sancta Clara, born 1642, died 1700, and entitled, "Something for Every One," is mentioned a juggling trick which, incomprehensible as it seems to us, was, it seems, perfectly practiced in those days. One person in particular, Blasio Manfredo, a Maltese, who practiced it in perfection, is thus described:

"He would have a vessel brought full of tepid water, and fifteen or twenty glasses, which were large at top, and he would then rinse his mouth out to show that he had nothing between his teeth. When he had swallowed some glasses full he would spurt out a liquid like red wine; then would follow brandy, rose-water, orange-water, white wine, and the like, which things were all to be known by their taste. It was observed, however, that he always began with the red wine. Sometimes he swallowed twenty glasses of water, and spurted it out again like a *jet d'eau*. Cardinal Richelieu caused Manfredo, whose scholars were all the like sort of jugglers, to be put in prison, and threatened to hang him unless he proved his art to be natural, and not connected with magic. This the Maltese did in great secrecy, and was then liberated, to earn his living as before."

With the description a wood-cut is given, in which the performer is represented standing upright, with his head thrown back, while from his mouth a jet of water is seen to play. There could have been nothing displeasing in the exhibition.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 29:

In the Senate, joint resolutions of the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and South Carolina ratifying the Fifteenth Amendment were submitted.—A message was received announcing the non-concurrence of the House in the Senate's action on the Tenure-of-Office bill. Senator Trumbull urged that the Senate insist, and made a long argument on the constitutionality of the original act. Senator Sprague argued in favor of repeal. The motion to insist was agreed to.

In the House, Mr. Bingham offered a resolution, which was adopted, reciting that on March 3, 1869, a few hours before the dissolution of the late Administration, bonds to the amount of $2,400,000 were, by order of President Johnson, prepared for issue, and $1,400,000 of them were issued to the Central Pacific Railroad of California, on account of the alleged construction of certain sections of that railroad, and it is alleged that the bonds were hastily, wrongfully, and illegally approved by the Secretary of the Interior. The resolution embraced a clause to immediately investigate the charges.

March 30:

In the House, a message was received from the Senate announcing that a Committee of Conference had been appointed on the Tenure-of-Office bill. The House refused to recede from its disagreement 106 to 60. A Committee of Conference was appointed.

March 31:

In the Senate, the report of the Conference Committee on the Tenure-of-Office bill was submitted and agreed to 42 to 8. The bill reported repeals the first and second sections of the original Tenure-of-Office Act of March 2, 1867. The first section of the Senate amendment is left untouched; the second section amended so as to read as follows:

"That during any recess of the Senate the President is hereby empowered, in his discretion, to suspend any civil officer appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, except Judges of the United States Courts, until the end of the next session of the Senate, and to designate some suitable person, subject to be removed in his discretion by the designation of another to perform the duties of such suspended officer in the mean time, and such person so designated shall take the oaths and give the bonds required by law to be taken and given by the suspended officer, and shall, during the time he performs his duties, be entitled to the salary and emoluments of such officer, no part of which shall belong to the officer suspended; and it shall be the duty of the President within 30 days after the commencement of every session of the Senate, except for any office which in his opinion ought not to be filled, to nominate persons to fill all vacancies in offices which exist to the meeting of the Senate, whether temporarily filled or not, and so in the place of all officers suspended; and if the Senate during such session, shall refuse to advise and consent to an appointment in the place of such suspended officer, then, and not otherwise, the President shall nominate another person as soon as practicable to said session of the Senate for said office."

In the House, the report of the Conference Committee on the Tenure-of-Office bill was adopted, 108 to 67.

April 1:

In the House, the bill to organize a provisional government in Mississippi was postponed, 103 to 69.

April 2:

In the Senate, the Indian Appropriation bill was passed with an amendment providing for the organization of a board of ten commissioners, to be selected for their intelligence and philanthropy, to supervise the disbursements of the appropriations for Indian purposes; the commissioners to have joint control with the Interior Department, under the direction of the President.

In the House, a bill was passed authorizing the Northern Pacific Railroad Company to extend its branch line from a point near Portland, Oregon, to Puget Sound, and to connect the same with its main line west of the Cascade Mountains, the Company not to be entitled to any subsidies, money, bonds, or lands, except such lands as may be included in the right of way.

April 3:

In the House, the Miscellaneous Deficiency Bill was passed.

NEWS ITEMS.

Congress had determined to adjourn on the 10th.

General Longstreet has been confirmed by the Senate as Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans.

General A. S. Webb assumed command in Richmond on the 2d, succeeding General Stoneman. Among his first orders was one reinstating Governor Wells. General Canby is soon to relieve General Webb.

The statement of the public debt for March shows the total amount, less cash in the Treasury, to be $2,525,196,421. The debt during the month of March was reduced about $2,593,089.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SPAIN.

Marshal Prim asks for 80,000 men for the army.

The provision in the draft of the new Spanish Constitution in regard to royalty establishes a hereditary monarchy, the King to retain the crown during life.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Twenty-eight persons were killed outright by an explosion at the Arley Colliery, in Lancashire, on the 1st.

The Royal Commission of the British Parliament, appointed to inquire into the laws of naturalization, recommends that naturalization abroad be regarded as alienating British subjects from their allegiance to England. The commission also recommends the total abolition of the disabilities of aliens to hold landed property.

Ireland drinks less whisky than Scotland, though her population is twice as large. The late Budget shows that while the latter country drank, in 1868, 4,907,701 gallons, Ireland drank but 4,773,710 gallons. England at the same time consuming more than both together—over eleven millions of gallons.

Late advices from Cape Town, Africa, announce that a tract of country in Southern Africa, four hundred miles long, and from fifteen to one hundred and fifty miles broad, had been burned over, occasioning great destruction of property. Several natives have perished in the flames.

At a recent trial in Montauban, France, it was proved that eight wretched women had been concerned through a long series of years with the most inhuman crimes. They were tried and convicted of the crimes of infanticide and of procuring abortion; in the latter case, some as agents, some as patients. One woman, the central figure of the group, Delpech, was proved to have murdered no less than nine infants, one her own daughter's illegitimate child, and all under circumstances of the most inconceivable and fiendish brutality.

THE REV. FREDERICK D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

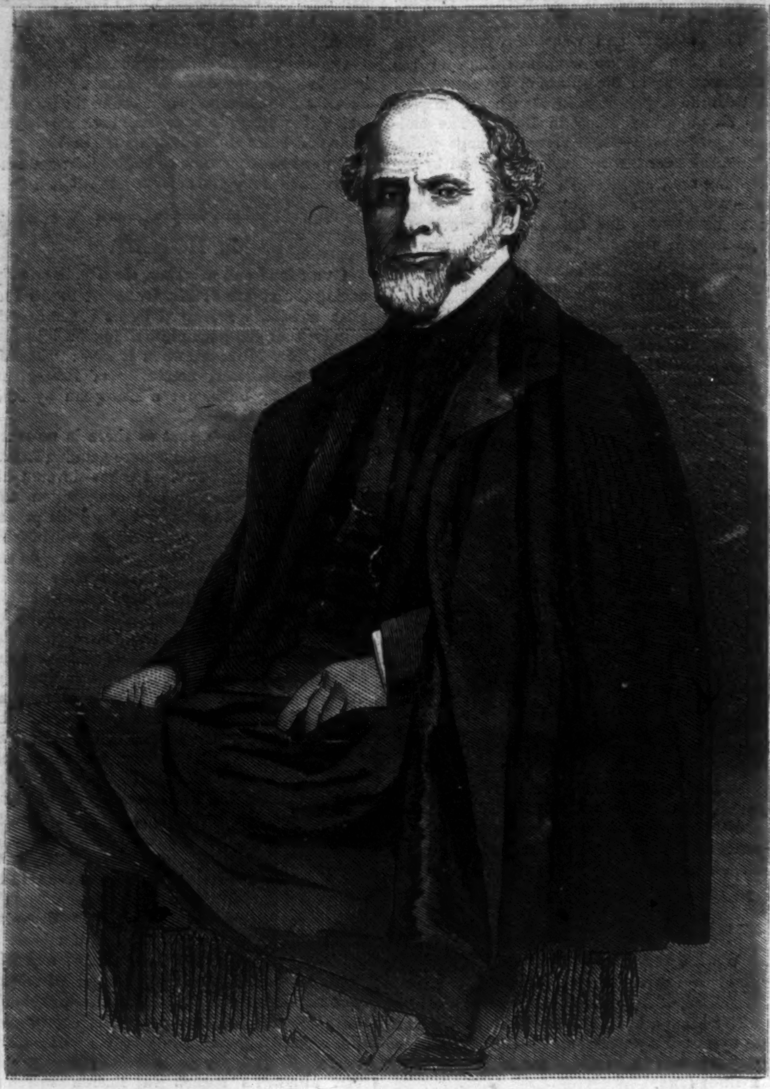
The consecration of the Rev. F. D. Huntington as Bishop of the diocese of Central New York in the Protestant Episcopal Church takes place on the 8th instant, at Emmanuel Church, Boston. The presiding Bishop, Dr. Smith, of Kentucky, acts on that occasion as the consecrator.

There is no divine connected with the American Episcopal Church who is better known or more widely appreciated than Rev. F. D. Huntington. He was born in Hadley, Massachusetts, May 28, 1819, and is, therefore, now nearly fifty years of age. He was graduated at Amherst in 1839, and studied three years in the divinity school of Cambridge. In 1842 he was ordained pastor of the South Congregational Church, in Boston, which he left in September, 1855, when he was inaugurated as Plummer professor of Christian morals at Harvard College, Cambridge, becoming at the same time preacher to the University. Dr. Huntington found, as many other sincere and profound thinkers have found, that narrowness of views was not confined to those professing evangelical beliefs; he also discovered that pretensions to a superior liberality frequently covered a deep-seated uncharitableness and a supercilious conceit. There is a stage in the career of every man whose intellect has been aroused and brought to bear with its full force upon religious doctrine when none of the channels of ordinary life seems to him to be free and untrammeled; he becomes, therefore, for a season an innovator. If he does not completely isolate himself from his fellows he revolts against the usages which they have established.

Thus those who knew best the stuff of which Dr. Huntington was made were not surprised to learn that he was an "innovator" even at Cambridge. He established a religious service of his own, which may be termed an "eclectic" service, since it was formed from those in use in the principal branches of the Christian Church.

This era in Dr. Huntington's life soon closed. Those who have been so fortunate as to read his writings from 1856 to 1860 will easily mark the transition from the period of unsettled and baffled search after some impracticable system which should correct all errors and harmonize all truths, to that in which the search was abandoned, when the intellect partially yielded its higher grounds, and descended to the common levels of life, where its efforts, though less grand and more circumscribed, were yet more practical and more subservient to the ends of Christianity.

It is now several years since Dr. Huntington united himself to the American Episcopal Church. His efforts in the new career which he then commenced have been fully appreciated, and have been abundantly rewarded by their successful results.



REV. FREDERICK D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., BISHOP OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.
[Photographed by Marshall, Boston.]

CUBAN LADIES IN COUNCIL.

The Cuban residents of New York city are numerous, and they have, especially the ladies, exhibited the greatest enthusiasm in furnishing moral encouragement and material aid to the efforts being made by Cuban patriots for the independence of their native isle.

It was in the room represented in our illustration on this page that the late meeting in Steinway Hall was provided for; and there also have originated the concerts and other enterprises undertaken in this city in behalf of the Cuban cause.

THE "NIAGARA OF THE WEST."

The Great West is still to a considerable extent unexplored; and its beauties and sublime scenery, now comparatively unknown, will in a few years attract the attention of thousands of sight-seers, tourists, and earth-wanderers, who, tired at the oft-looked-at scenery of Italy and Switzerland, will seek the wonderful and sublime in nature now hidden in the Rocky Mountains, or yet to be developed in Central Africa.

In our illustration on page 248 we have a view of the "Niagara of the West," the great Snake River or Shoshone Falls, the savage grandeur and wild sublimity of which are almost indescribable. Snake River, or the Lewis Fork of the Columbia, winding its way in a northwesterly direction, suddenly reaches and dashes over a fall of thirty feet, its volume being broken into half a dozen streams by dark rocks rising out of its flood. A little farther on, divided into three streams, it bounds down a wall of rock some sixty feet in depth; while still a little farther on, its waters suddenly narrowed to about four hundred feet, the whole river leaps in one unbroken body down a precipice of two hundred and ten feet. The ever-rising mist, with its changing prismatic hues; the wild leap of the mad river down into the abyss beneath; the frowning and jutting rocks of black and gray, which cast their shadows over the sluggish, leaden-looking water, that seems exhausted after its desperate leap; the dark look of the towering banks which rise a thousand feet above the river; and the deafening roar which ever meets the ear, combine to form a picture of Nature's power, sublimity, and grandeur, before which man can only stand awe-struck, filled with reverence and admiration. These Falls are four miles from the crossing of Rock Creek, on the coach-road between Salt Lake City and Boise, the capital of Idaho.

THE PRESIDENT'S STABLE.

Fortunately our President is a man of equable temperament. His practical good sense easily overcomes many of the difficulties of his posi-

CUBAN LADIES IN COUNCIL AT THE HOUSE OF SENORA R. HOURRITINER, NEW YORK CITY.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]

THE STABLE OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. E. WALKER.]

tion. He wisely distinguishes between what he ought to do, and what he is asked or advised to do. Thus he escapes many of the harassing circumstances which hastened the death of TAYLOR and of HARRISON. While the organs of the Opposition daily represent him as immeshed in the entanglements of his office, his friends see him free, untrammeled, and refusing to be trammeled by self-seeking politicians. Even thus the labors devolving upon him are many and severe; but they are cheerfully borne.

It is an inexpressible relief to our President that he is domestic in his habits and tastes, that he takes unusual pleasure in the midst of his children, in the care of the grounds about the White House, and in his horses.

Our illustration on this page of the stable of the White House shows the principal horses in President GRANT'S possession. "Egypt" and "Cincinnati," shown in the centre, are the pride of the stable. Below this cut we give another, showing "Red" and "Billy Button" carrying the children to school. "Reb" was captured in the Vicksburg campaign and presented to FREDERICK GRANT, the President's oldest son. "Billy Button" belongs to the era of peace.

BOOK-MOTHS.

THERE are some houses so circumstanced in regard to dampness that they seem to conduce to the multiplication of insects to an extraordinary degree. Thus, some places are infested with cockroaches, especially if there are water-pipes leading extensively through the premises. Others are beset with armies of small red ants, so minute that they creep through the narrowest chink into drawers, trunks, and closets, in search of whatever answers their purpose for food, but especially are they always on the *qui vive* for sweets. Literary people are occasionally annoyed by the depredations of minute insects which feed luxuriously on their fine books, manuscripts,

"REB" AND "BILLY BUTTON" CARRYING THE PRESIDENT'S CHILDREN TO SCHOOL.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

and pamphlets. They are popularly known as book-moths. They appear to be in search of the paste, glue, and sizing which are used by the binders. However old and dry the books may be, if the room in which they are kept, or the cases in which they are arranged, are slightly damp, it softens the old glue or size by imbibition, just the condition required by the invaders. In gnawing it from the paper surface into which it originally penetrated, they also destroy the texture of the leaves, so that costly works are quite ruined. There is no better remedy than placing the books at once in a dry room where the moisture evaporates; and if the sunlight acts upon the windows daily, so much the better. The moths disappear when the paste becomes too hard for them. Or rather their activity is suspended, to be revived on again removing the books into a damp apartment. Russian binding is so offensive to them that they can not attack books in Russia leather book-binding.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WEDDING.

As the little story runs on, we must come again to Mr. Hagbut's affair.

Was this actually Carry? Yes, it was actually Carry. Rebecca had helped to dress her, but Rebecca scarcely knew her, when she came into the room in her modest bride's dress. She was so pretty and so bright that Rebecca scarcely knew her own sister.

Rebecca was by no means acting as bridemaid: far from it. In the first place, her father had rebelled against bridemaids altogether; and in the course of a somewhat peppery conversation with Rebecca had said that she herself, considering what her relations with the bridegroom had been, had much better stay away herself. But Rebecca, getting more and more sure of her position with her father every day, had declined to stay away.

"Not see old Carry married!" she said; "I am sure I would not miss it for all the world. She has been a dear, good, loving sister to me, and has borne more petulance from me than I ever have from her."

"Then you don't feel any spite against her or him?" said Mr. Turner.

"Law, pa, what nonsense!" said Rebecca.

Although there were no real bridemaids, at the same time two young ladies were, as Hartop or Morley (or, for that matter, Hetty) would have said, "told off" to act in that capacity. They were from Miss Soper's school, and they wept as copiously as any bridemaids at St. George's, Hanover Square. Carry did not feel at all as if she wanted to cry; but she thought it was the proper thing to do, and cried hard.

The neighbors came in and chattered and giggled—Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper among them. After they had come in and saluted the bride Miss Soper drove her sharp elbow into Mrs. Russel's side, and said:

"Is he coming?"

"Who?" said Mrs. Russel.

"Morley."

"*I* don't know," said Mrs. Russel. "Don't shove like that; you've broke two of my ribs, I do believe."

"Where's she?" said Miss Soper.

"Who?" said Mrs. Russel.

"Rebecca."

"*I* don't know," said Mrs. Russel. "She will hardly have the face to show, I should think. I wish you would get out of that trick of ramming your elbow into another person's ribs when you ask a question. I'm black and blue—No. Why, that's her, ain't it, again the wall?"

It *was* her, Mrs. Russel. That grand beauty, with her chin on her hand and her elbow on her knee, who sat alone, with her great speculative eyes, seeing beyond you and the crowd behind you, was Rebecca. And as she sat there that morning, all alone, dressed in dove-colored silk and pearls, there was scarcely a handsomer woman in all old England, from palace to cottage. Your eye was not trained for beauty; you could not see it.

Miss Soper could, to a certain extent. In her business of schoolmistress she had had so much beauty put under her eye that she knew it when she saw it. Mrs. Russel's definition of beauty would have limited itself to "a fresh complexion." Miss Soper had a dim idea of generalizing from fact. Jewelers' clerks get a knowledge of what is the prevailing taste in jewelry. An old picture-dealer's clerk will tell you what will sell, and what will not. So Soper, in her trade, knew a pretty girl when she saw one, though in her office of dragon she disliked receiving them. But she knew more. She was well-connected in the trade, and she knew houses who would take an article which was seldom offered to her, and which often, in her way of doing things, gave her great trouble—a very handsome girl. So looking at Rebecca, she said:

"She is wonderfully handsome."

"Do you think so, my dear?" said Mrs. Russel. "I can't see it."

"No one ever supposed so," said Miss Soper.

"Don't shove again, dear; pray don't," said Mrs. Russel.

"What did I tell you about that girl, when we got her forbidden to go out of the lane?" said Miss Soper.

"I forget," said Mrs. Russel.

As it seemed that Miss Soper had forgotten also, she resumed the discussion at another point.

"Shall we go and speak to her?" said Miss Soper.

"My dear soul," said the really good Russel, "I think we ought. The poor child is pining over Mr. Hagbut; it would be only kind."

Was she, Mrs. Russel? No, she was away from you all, with the sounds of the great sea. While she had been sitting there in her dove-colored silk all alone she had watched your figures till she had tired of them, and had gone to sea once or twice. You were quite out of her thought. She did not want to be naughty, but she could. Why did not you leave her alone?

She could be horribly naughty, and she had the most intense dislike for these two ladies. If you had told her that Mrs. Russel was only a hot-tempered, gossiping scold, who would have given the bed from under her to release the son she had scolded out of doors, she would have laughed at you. If you had told her that that intolerable woman, Miss Soper, was in her way a heroine, and had slaved all her life to keep a ruined family together, and in doing so—in training virtuous women, had done more good than was ever likely to fall to the share of our poor Rebecca, she would have laughed at you again. Their formulas had been rendered hateful to her, and she hated them through their formulas, which had plagued her. She was a very naughty girl, and they made her naughtier.

She was rounding some dim wild cape in a gale of wind, and there were two with her whom she knew and one who always stood perversely behind her. And the one who stood behind her kept saying like a cuckoo, "Not yet. Not yet." And again like a blackbird, "Not till you're fit. Not till you're fit." And there suddenly approach to her her deadly enemies, the Russel and the Soper. What reader would trust her temper under such circumstances?

She rose and gave them a sweeping courtesy, and, may I say it, the devil entered into her. It was only a very little one.

"Are you quite well, Miss Turner?" said the fat Russel.

"I am quite well, thank you," said Rebecca. "I had a holiday lately. It has done me much good."

"Indeed! another?" said the Soper, alluding to the terrible escapade to Ramsgate.

"Yes," said Rebecca, looking at her with a look which the Soper had never seen in any of her school-girl's faces. "Another. A young gentleman from the sea, came and took me out for a holiday, and he took me down the river all the way to Gravesend. And we were together all day."

"Who went with you, my dear?" said Mrs. Russel.

"He did," said Rebecca.

"No one else?"

"What did we want with any one else? He was very handsome and agreeable, and a third would have been one too many. I should like you to be introduced to that young gentleman, Miss Soper. His hair is so beautiful. Little curls all over his head. He sat at my feet the most of the time, and if I had had a pair of scissors, I believe I should have snipped one off."

The allied powers retreated. Says Russel, "That girl will go to the bad."

"Not she," hissed Soper in her ear. "She is just the very one of all others who won't. She is not in my line—I don't have that article in my establishment; but I know enough to know that."

"Rebecca said to herself, "It is the only way to treat you people. If kings and priests would not make outrageous pretensions, democracy would die: at least pa says so. Ha! you two; Carry said you were coming."

She sat perfectly still after this, in her old attitude, quite quiet, knowing that they would come to her. The chairs beside her were unoccupied, for the Philistines did not know exactly whether they ought to go near her, and her father made no sign. "Those two" were quickly sitting beside her. She was determined to amuse herself, and in answer to their greetings she replied, without raising her chin from her hand,

"Where is Hetty?"

"She is at home," said Mr. Morley.

"What is she doing?" said Rebecca, without moving.

"She is not doing any thing to-day," said young Hartop. "She is getting the duds together. Change of ship, you know."

"Now, Jack," said Mr. Morley. "Mind your promise."

Rebecca, from young Hartop's silence, thought that Morley was angry; but moving her chin from her hand and looking up in his face she saw that his eyebrows were raised, and that the corners of his mouth were down. She also noticed that he looked more handsome than any man she had ever seen. But she had noticed that before.

The next properly arranged wedding you go to, when you have looked at the bridegroom long enough, look at the bride's father. If it is a well arranged marriage there will be the same light in the eyes of both. This was not a well arranged wedding, for our poor Rebecca, whom I hope you have forgiven, had rather spoiled it by her wild conduct. Mr. Hagbut had changed rather quickly too; and there was a cloud over it by his mere presence. Mr. Turner, man of the world, knew this, and did not show to advantage; he was haggard and worn, and bent his head.

He had been into the room and out again. She had scarcely noticed him at first, but when he came in a second time, she watched his bowed head and rose to her feet.

I know a young lady of such strange and radiant beauty, that I and my companion always know, when we go to a country gathering, in one instant, whether she is there or not. Rebecca's beauty was not so great as that lady's I will allow; yet when she rose from between Hartop and Mr. Morley her presence was felt. The babble which was going on in awaiting the bridegroom died into whispers—into silence—as she came softly forward and kissed her father.

"Give me your blessing, father."

Turner raised his head as she bent hers.

"The Lord of Miriam and of Jael bless thee, my daughter. Smite as Jael, then sing as Miriam. Thou art blessed, oh my daughter!"

And so he kissed her, and she went back and sat between Hartop and Mr. Morley again.

"He has forgiven her," whispered Mrs. Russel.

"Hold your tongue," said Miss Soper. "There is something *I* can't understand about this, and so I don't suppose *you* can."

"Keep close to me you two," said Rebecca, in a whisper; "I am frightened. Don't leave me you two."

"Are you ill?" said Hartop, also in a whisper.

"No, I am never ill. But these people frighten me. This house is frightful, and the lane is frightful. You don't know what this house is. There is poison in it. My father can not give me his blessing without frightening me. And Carry says that there is blood at the foot of the stairs," she added, wildly and hurriedly. "Why should he talk of Jael?"

"I wish Hetty was here," said Hartop, in a low voice.

"Quiet, my child, quiet!" said Mr. Morley, laying his hand on her arm; "talk of something else. What shall we talk of?"

"The sea," said Rebecca, herself in an instant; "I want to know about the sea, or about Hetty Morley."

"There is no such person," said Hartop, turning and looking into Rebecca's face.

"No such person!" said Rebecca, aghast. "Is she drowned?"

"Not a bit of it," said Hartop, bringing his face close to hers; "Hetty is alive, but she is Hetty Hartop now, for she and I were married by Mr. Morley yesterday morning."

Her dull horror of the old house and the quaint company was gone at once by this pretty piece of news. It was something so bright, so human, so—well, so romantic, that a great smile spread over her face, as she said,

"No."

"Fact, I assure you. Yesterday morning. You were not to be told, but I saw you were getting low." And, indeed, the tact of this young sailor was very great, for Rebecca was quite roused again and gay.

"You provoking people. I want to see Hetty, and you will tell me nothing of her."

"It wouldn't do here," said Hartop; "they wouldn't stand it."

"But what is she like?" asked Rebecca.

"What is she like?" said the bridegroom. "Why, she is like her father; that's about what she is like. You've seen *him*," he growled.

Rebecca turned on Mr. Morley. "She is like you!"

"But younger, you know, and more good-looking," said Mr. Morley, with a bow.

And Rebecca had just settled emphatically in her mind that Hetty was very handsome, when enter the bridegroom.

"Why, that is never him," said Rebecca, suddenly.

It was, though. A man at his best—and a man generally makes the best of himself when he is going to be married—is a very different thing from a man at his worst. Rebecca and Hartop had only known him at his worst, and even Morley, knowing him better than they did, was surprised. "That big, fat, pale-faced man," he thought, "has actually more vitality than I have. I shall last longer, but if I had been what he has been, I could not have shown such a presence."

A man, we must remember, with sufficient physique for the first or second life-guards, who has spent his life in talking religionism to foolish and uneducated women, is very likely to become fat, ill-dressed, and untidy. But put that man on his mettle. Get him rejected by a beautiful girl, and make him bridegroom to another girl, and I fancy you will find some of the old Adam in him. There was a considerable deal of the old Adam in Hagbut that day; so much that he looked a rather noble person.

Rebecca leaned back in wonder, and said aloud (for she knew that no one could hear her but Mr. Morley and Hartop, and she did not "mind" them), "I could not have believed it. Why the man is handsome and noble looking."

"Is there any reason why he should *not* look noble?" said Mr. Morley, quietly. "My dear child, that man has done more good in his day than ever you will have the chance of doing, even if you had the power or the will. His formulas displease you; they are purely scriptural, and move the dead bones of the middle class into life. His vulgarity displeases you; that very vulgarity is the key-note of his power among the vulgar, who would dislike and possibly resent the ministrations of a scholar and a gentleman, who could not understand their ways of thought, and who would continually keep their inferiority before their eyes, by talking in a dialect more refined than their own. I pray God that when I die I may claim to have done as much good as Hagbut has."

"Yes!" said Rebecca, thinking.

"Yes, indeed," said Morley. "There are those who say that such men as Hagbut vulgarize religion. It is not true, or at best only half true. They find a vulgarized religion among vulgar people, and they preach it as honestly and as nobly as this man has; and he raises his people by doing so."

"How can he raise them by being vulgar?" asked Rebecca.

"He raises them, in spite of all his vulgarity, to the level of Christianity: and at that point both he and they cease to be vulgar. I dare say that the Covenanters ate with their knives, but they could die like the best gentleman of the lot. While there are vulgar people you must have vulgar priests. I, being a gentleman myself, know that well. That man Hagbut, whose ways of speech and of action are an offense to me, has brought more souls to Christ than ever I shall bring with my twopenny refinements. He comes of their own class, and their language is his. Their language is foreign to me, and I can not imitate it. And that lower middle class is the very one which wants rousing and exciting. The great use of the dissenting clergymen is to rouse that class, and to ennoble them. Hagbut can do it. I can not. I am a useless man compared to him."

"Yet you can bring sailors to chapel, Sir." said Hartop, quietly.

"Ah, yes, I can do that," said Mr. Morley, with sudden animation. "Yes, boy, I *can* do that. That was a good thing for you to say. Yes! yes! they come again and again. It is not utterly nothing to keep lads in the faith their mothers taught them through all temptations. You must come down and hear me preach some day, Miss Turner. See, the bride is moving. We must go."

So they went. And Hagbut married Carry; and the Hagbut episode in her little life came to an end.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONFIDENCES.

AND Carry was gone, and Rebecca had to undertake her duties.

"I shall make a fine mess of it at first, pa," she said to her father on the first day, "for I have been most diligently idle all my life. But I will do the best I can. I can't scold and worry, but I will keep the maids in order for all that. *You* sha'n't want any thing, my dear."

"You will do well enough if you care to do it," said Mr. Turner. "*I* don't want scolding or worrying; I have lost my faith in it. That is what made the mischief between your mother and me."

"Well, dear pa, that is all over and gone. We shall be happy together, you know."

"*I* don't know. You may be happy, for you have hope before you—the hope of my death. I am a broken man. I wish I was dead."

"I am sure I don't know why, father," said Rebecca, with a heavy heart and a light tongue; "what nonsense you talk. Is there any man in our connection more honored than you are? As for the money I am to have at your death, I wish you would leave it to Carry, and then you would not suspect my love."

"You are a foolish girl."

"I think you are a very foolish man," said Rebecca, stoutly; "that prospective money has been the greatest plague of my life; I wish it was in the deep Atlantic. That— Mr. Hagbut would have left me alone if it had not been for that money."

"You were too good for him," said Turner. "Child, have you ever thought of any one else?"

"As a husband?"

"Yes; as a husband."

"Certainly," said Rebecca; "for a whole week I thought I should have liked *very much* to marry young Hartop. But, here, he has gone and married Hetty, leaving me desolate and disconsolate. There was never any one so shamefully deceived as I have been."

"Do you know Hetty Morley?" said Mr. Turner.

"No, I don't," said Rebecca; "the artful young puss! When I do I will give her a piece of my mind. Young—I mean Mr. Hartop, has used me shamefully. It is all very well for you to laugh, pa, but you wouldn't like it yourself."

"Come here," said Mr. Turner. And Rebecca came and sat at his feet.

"I have been a hard father to you, my child, and I do not know how I have won your love. But I seem to have it. God is very good. He is not what they want to make Him out, is He?"

Rebecca answered her father by stroking his hand and putting it to her lips.

"My head is growing old, girl. I am a broken man; but I will do my duty to the very last. I am not to be trusted. This responsibility about Ducetoy's papers is killing me. I never thought I should have found my truest, kindest friend in you; but it is so. You will stay by me to the end?"

"To the death, father;" she did not want him to get excited, and so she said no more.

"You are a better man than I am, child, and I wander to-night. But, believe me, that Morley's God is the true God—is the true God—and—and not Hagbut's. Where is the little dog?"

"She is here, father," said Rebecca, putting Mab on his lap.

"Pretty little beast; bonny little beast. Bark for us, little one. Defend us. My dear Rebecca, the God who made this little thing was not Hagbut's God, but Morley's."

"There is one—but one God, father," said Rebecca. And she said it because she did not know what to say.

"Yes, but they make two or three. See, girl? Will you promise me one thing?"

"I will do as you tell me," said Rebecca; "if you will be always as you are now."

"Promise me that you will never join the established church after I am dead."

Rebecca sat silent for a long time. At last she said:

"I don't think that I could promise as much as that, father. I think it extremely improbable, but I will not pledge myself. I tell you honestly that if I were to quit our connection I should go either to the Moravians or to the Primitive Methodists."

"They are not a very high sect, my child," said Mr. Turner.

"I don't *want* a very high sect," said Rebecca; "that is just where it is."

CHAPTER XIX.

DARKER HOURS STILL.

DULL was the old house, duller, alas! than ever it was, for there was not even old Carry now; and Mr. Turner, left alone in the house with the favorite daughter of his dead wife, began to mope and brood over that miserable old business. It was evident also to Rebecca that his mind was not by any means what it had been.

She was free to go where she would now, but she never went far out of the lane, except a few times as far as Putney Bridge. She used to slip across sometimes to see Mrs. Spicer or Mrs. Akin, in a quiet neighborly way, and hear their gossip, give them books, and other little things, doing them high honor. It would have been an evil time for any man who insulted her while Mr. Spicer or Akin were near.

Those two worthies were the very picture of comfort and contentment every Sunday morning, each in his shirt-sleeves and a long pipe in his mouth, as Rebecca took her father to chapel; but one morning she missed them, and thought they had gone for an expedition somewhere. "It is very little pleasure they get," she thought. "We ought not to begrudge it to them." But when they got inside the chapel who should be sitting near the door but Spicer and Akin in their best clothes! Rebecca flushed up with real pleasure, and when service was over, she made her father stop while she spoke to them.

"I am *so* glad to see you here."

"Yes, Miss," replied Akin. "It looked so nice seeing you and the gove'nor going every Sunday that we thought we'd go. That's about the size of it, Miss."

"I *hope* you like it."

"Yes, Miss, we likes it well enough," said Jim Akin, "but we don't make much fist on it at fust."

"Ah! you won't find it strange long," said Rebecca. And so they parted.

Her father asked her, as they went home under the dull gray sky, if she had asked these men to come to chapel; and she had said, "No, that she had never mentioned it to them;" and he said, "I am very glad of that. Whatever you do, don't undertake the responsibility of forcing religion on other people. Let them find it out for themselves—" He was going on to say a great deal more, as it seemed to Rebecca from the tone of his voice; but he checked himself suddenly.

It was dull, miserable, dripping, motionless weather, and she sat day after day utterly alone while her father was away on business; alone save for her little dog. She tried hard to be very good, and, as is usually the case when a person tries that, she succeeded. Only she fretted a little that she did not hear from her friends in Limehouse.

Many things in the housekeeping were great puzzles to her, and she used to take them patiently, and lay them at the feet of her beloved old nurse, Tibbey, in Leader Street, Chelsea; but it was rather a long way there, so she saw but little of those excellent souls at present.

One day there came a letter which made her cry; it was from Mr. Morley. Jack Hartop and Hetty were off to sea, and Hetty was so hard at work, shifting into her new ship, that it would be quite impossible for her, or Jack either, to get to Walham Green. He added, that as soon as they were gone, he would very likely come and see her himself. She cried a good deal over this letter, but it was not in anger and rebellion. That nightmare, Mr. Hagbut, being removed from his position of possible husband, she rather liked him than otherwise, and was at peace with all the world; and the Limehouse people had done her much good; and she was in one way and another very far from the Rebecca of old times. She cried because she had wanted to see Hetty; and she told her father so, frankly, that night, when he asked her why her eyes were red.

"Why do you want to see her?" he asked.

"I don't know. I am sure she is nice."

"Why?"

"Because those two are so fond of her, and those two are the nicest people I know."

"Miss Hetty Morley," said Mr. Turner, "chose to disgrace herself and ruin her father's connection by a stupid and rebellious course of action. As Mrs. Hartop she is continuing it. If you walked the earth round you would not find, in the dissenting connection, three such sentimental idiots as Morley, his daughter, and Jack Hartop."

"What has Hetty done, pa?"

"Degraded herself; dropped into a low sphere of life, and dragged her fool of a father down with her. Morley may choose to tell you in his own good time—for he is as obstinate as a pig—what she *has* done; but he chooses to keep the secret, and I won't betray him."

"But you like Mr. Morley, pa?"

"Yes. He is a good and a noble man, a pure Christian, and a real gentleman; but he will have to answer to God for his indulgence to that girl."

"But you would listen to him on spiritual matters?"

"Yes, to no man sooner. But he has been a fool in a worldly point of view, by allowing that girl to do as she has done."

And this was all she could get out of her father. And the great mystery about Hetty was no nearer solution than ever.

This was probably the most weary time she had ever had; for even if Carry had been there she had lost the heart to scold her, and so her sole amusement was gone. She had her cats, and was still kind to them, though her little dog Mab had supplanted them in her affections. She told Mab every thing now; and Mab seemed to understand. She could have told her father every thing, but there was a reason.

At one time, not long ago, she had believed that there would have been perfect accord between herself and her father. It was not to be. The overwhelming sense of responsibility with regard to Lord Ducetoy's papers were too much for his mind, and it became clouded; and in its clouding there came on a phase of religious doubt, which may be laughed at by doctrinaires, but which in practice, in reality, was, to Rebecca at least, horrible.

If he would have broken out into unbelief and sheer blasphemy at once, she could have stood it better. But he got dreadful silent fits, ending in sharp-pointed deductions, the result of an hour's solitary, silent argument with himself. He would sit perfectly silent, with his hands occasionally wandering one over the other for an hour, until he nearly drove the silently sewing Rebecca opposite him out of her mind; and, at last, when the poor, unguided girl, working so hard and so nobly at her duty, was nearly out of her mind through sheer nervousness, he would say, suddenly and sharply:

"If one actually regains consciousness after the dissolution of the body, and if one finds that the whole scheme has been a mistake from beginning to end. How then? One will regret that one had not been a profligate; a man who takes such pleasure as he can find, and discounts his bills on the future state."

And so on. Which has nothing to do with us further than this. It was horrible and intolerable to Rebecca. It frightened her. She had rebelled against a certain close form of nonconformist Christianity, as being narrow, cold, and in her eyes worthless, because it wanted the one element of sentimentalism. There had come to her the stout nonconformist Morley, who had shown her a form of dissent as beautiful and as spiritual as the highest forms of Anglicanism or Romanism, though wanting in the ceremonialisms which, as the daughter of a Papist mother, she loved in her heart. And now here was her father cutting the ground from under her feet, just as she was feeling for it. De profundis clamavit; that is to say, she turned on her father once and said, most emphatically,

"I am sorry you have lost your faith, pa; but I can't see that there is the slightest reason for your undermining mine; I am beginning to believe. Please let me."

Turner saw what she meant, and uttered no more of his doubts. But he sat there, opposite Rebecca, night after night, scowling over his Bible as he turned the leaves, and looking unutterable things. Which did not mend matters much for poor Rebecca—which in fact made them rather worse, for she could never tell what he was thinking of now.

In the foolish old days, before one thought, many of us used to read the accounts of the prize-fights in *Bell's Life;* and one used to read that Bob So-and-so "was a glutton for punishment." Now I claim for Rebecca that she was a better "glutton for punishment" than any snake-headed, bright-eyed young man who ever made a brute of himself in the prize ring.

Punishment enough she got in these days. Her father fading and growing mad before her eyes. No society; and as it seemed to her no hope. The responsibility of the enormous amount of valuable heir-looms and papers in the house, thrown on her own shoulders, for her father was as no one, save in his determination to hold by them. No help, no advice, nothing for her but a dull, mulish obstinacy; a determination to act honestly as circumstances should direct. And all the time her father in one of his "girding" moods; accusing her of idleness, and making his case good to her about her dead mother. Punishment enough, poor child! But she took it bravely and nobly.

"Pa," she said, one night, "don't gird at me!"

His face had been fixed before, but it relaxed now.

"Have I been girding at you, Rebecca?"

"Yes, pa. Don't, please."

"I won't, dear. I didn't mean to. Tell me when I gird at you, and I will leave off."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is estimated that New York City annually pays the enormous sum of $2,500,000 for the luxury of ice. We say *luxury*, though ice has come to be regarded as a necessity in the warm season. There is no reason to apprehend a scarcity of this commodity, for an abundance has been stored during the past winter in the various ice-houses—not less than 850,000 tons. During the last year several companies have been consolidated in the Washington Ice Company, which now has twelve houses well filled. The Knickerbocker Company has eighteen houses; and though there are some smaller companies the ice business will chiefly be in the hands of the two above-named.

The Sanitary Superintendent reports that small-pox and typhus fever, which have been prevailing to a limited extent, have now nearly ceased. The Board of Health and the public are greatly indebted to the physicians of New York for the faithful and prompt reporting of such diseases as require the attention of sanitary officers. A single instance of neglect in this duty by a medical attendant in the Thirteenth Ward last December resulted in the spread of small-pox to three houses and eight persons in opposite blocks, and to a neighboring city. The records of the Board of Health show that many a hard-worked physician has proved a public benefactor by his prompt efforts to secure the arrest of contagious maladies. Watchfulness is especially needful in regard to typhus and typhoid fever and small-pox, and much more can be done to prevent the spread of scarlatina than is generally supposed.

A London clergyman advertises that he will "lend" his weekly sermons for half a crown apiece, or four for ten shillings, warranted "original, earnest, and evangelical."

Wonderful snow stories have been a feature of many of the country newspapers for the last two months. And it is a very serious fact that now, in April, the inhabitants of many sections of our country are still snow-bound. Very likely, also, it may be true—as is reported—that on the 8th day of last December a couple of turkeys went to roost on the lower rail of a fence in a certain town in New York State. During the night they were covered with about six feet of snow, and presumed, of course, to be lost. Singular to relate, however, a thaw unsnowed them, and they came out on the 8th of January, alive and hungry, having been buried just one month.

On the 1st of April a man passing through Chatham Street pulled his wallet out of his pocket with his handkerchief. He did not discover his loss until after he had walked more than a couple of blocks. He then retraced his steps, and, strange to say, found it quietly reposing on the sidewalk. Every body passing had supposed it a hoax, and had been afraid to pick up a pocket-book which really contained two hundred and fifty dollars, because it was April-Fools' Day.

Philadelphia has been the scene of another horrible tragedy. A Mr. Blackstone, who has hitherto been a respected citizen, leading an exemplary life, recently murdered in a barbarous manner his wife and two children, and then committed suicide. The details of the crime are fearful; and it is a relief to learn that insanity was hereditary in the family of the murderer, and to believe the deed was done in some raving paroxysm.

Mad dogs are still reported in various quarters, and the newspapers give many cases of hydrophobia. As the warmer weather approaches every body will feel very shy of meeting stray dogs in the streets; and it is to be hoped that they will be "few and far between."

Some inquiries have been made respecting a "remedy" for hydrophobia, given in these columns a few weeks ago. We mentioned the name of the paper from which it was quoted, and can give no further information about it. In general, in any serious disease, remedies should be administered under the immediate advice of a physician, who will have the knowledge and skill to give such special directions as each case requires.

An amusing scene recently occurred in one of the Police Courts in this city. Making all due allowance for exaggerated statements, the story is about as follows: An officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals arrested the owner of a bear, charging him with cruelty because he led the animal by a ring in his nose. Both man and beast were brought before the Judge. During the hearing of the case the bear, getting an idea of what was going on, resolved to defend himself. He sat down on his hind-legs, in front of the desk, and placing his fore-paws upon the rail, looked straight at the Justice, opening his mouth as if anxious to say something. The Justice said he must hold the man for the sessions. The bear bowed. The attorney who appeared for the owner said the animal loved its master. The bear licked his hand. The Justice said $300 bail. Poor Bruin tried in vain to soften his heart by going through an impromptu performance. Another report of the affair is, that the bear came into the court-room smiling, recognized the District-Attorney immediately as the champion of injured people, shook hands with him, sat down on a chair, listened to the affidavit, signed it, kissed the book, thanked the attorney for his courtesy, addressing him as "My learned friend," and meeting a needy-looking reporter on his way out, offered him a new hat.

The following is related of Dr. Scudder: On his return from India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer with his young son, when he heard a man using loud and profane language. "Friend," said the Doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man colored, blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself.

In writing of the recent monthly meeting of the "Boston Radical Club," a "special correspondent" of one of our evening papers takes the liberty of remarking, that while New Yorkers are not without brains, it never occurs to them to take such things to parties; while in Boston "people actually go about with their brains done up in brown paper parcels, and are ready to give them away to any passer-by who may be in need of them!"

A movement has been initiated to have the Reading-Room of the Mercantile Library opened on all holidays and on Sundays. This arrangement, it is believed by many thoughtful citizens, will greatly benefit a large class of young men, who, when released from their usual engagements, have no wholesome home influences, but are crowded together in lodging-houses, and to whom the attraction of pleasant, comfortable rooms would be a shelter from many temptations.

We learn from a newspaper published in the region of Lakes Memphremagog and Winnepesaukee that "the fish in Lake Holleyhunkemunk, Maine, are superior to those of either Lake Weeleyobacook or Moosetockmegantuc. Those of Chauhungogungamaung were very fine, but they all got choked to death in trying to tell where they lived." How sad!

According to an exchange a lady one hundred years old was lately *matrimonialized* in Pennsylvania. When one gets to be a hundred years old, it may be a pleasant amusement to coin new words as well as to enter into new relations.

A report comes from Sing Sing prison of the severe punishment of a convict who had only been a few days out of the hospital. He was ordered to his work; but not moving as fast as his keeper wished, he was taken to the shower-bath. The convict begged to be released from punishment until he was well or until the doctor came. But the keeper, refusing to listen, showered him until he could hardly stand, and then, beating him with a rope, locked him in a dark cell, where he was taken sick and removed to the hospital, dying at the latter place. He was 22 years of age, and a native of England, his only friend in this country being a convict, who wept like a child when the facts came to his knowledge. The keeper has been removed.

Several Freshmen at Yale were lately suspended for indulging in disorderly conduct, and committing certain outrages which have long been a disgrace to the college, because the students have in an underhand way countenanced them. Now, to their credit, the Freshmen have resolved to use all their influence as a class to suppress all such disturbances during the Freshman and Sophomore year, and have pledged their honor so to do. It is certainly high time that manly students in all colleges should demean themselves like men of sense and honor.

Perhaps the largest building in the world—at least the *longest*—is that which is erected over a certain portion of the Pacific Railroad, to protect the track from the heavy falls of snow which are to be expected during the winter months. It is 22 miles in length, 16 feet in width, and 16 feet in height. It is put up in the most substantial manner, all the timbers used being of the best quality to be obtained. The sides are inclosed, and were it not for the fact that daylight penetrates through the interstices between the boards, the whole affair would be like a huge tunnel. More than 40,000,000 feet of lumber have been used in its construction. It covers an area of more than 18,000,000 square feet, or nearly forty-four acres. With the exception of a few miles this structure has proved a very complete protection during the severe snow-storms of the past season.

A man in Texas has married his mother! that is to say his father's wife; or more exactly, his father married the lady about twenty-five years ago, but from some extraordinary circumstances the couple separated immediately after the ceremony, and never lived together. The lady resumed her maiden name; the gentleman married again. A son by this second marriage joined the Confederate Army during the war. Afterward, while in Texas, the young man met his father's former wife, and, notwithstanding considerable difference of age, an acquaintance began which resulted in marriage. Of course, neither of them knew at the time of the nominal relation they sustained to each other.

Miss Yonge, the popular authoress, devoted a large portion of the proceeds of her most successful novel—"The Heir of Redclyffe"—to fitting out a Missionary vessel for the use of Dr. Selwyn, who was then the Bishop of New Zealand; she also gave $10,000, the profits of her "Daisy Chain" for the building of a Missionary college in Auckland, New Zealand.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A "FOG" SIGNAL—The Last Glass.

"PARTY PROCESSIONS"—Going down to supper.

PRIDE.

Pride went forth one snowy day,
Bent upon her best display
Of lady's head with nothing on it,
Save three leaves they call a bonnet.

With the wind a little lace
Blew about her neck and face.

Pride returned all wet and chill,
A parent's only child fell ill.
Cough and cold from snow and rain
Rendered every effort vain.

Wearing leaves in wintry weather
Killed both pride and child together.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—There is this difference between a horse-race and a boat-race: The best horse very often is made to lose a race by being "hard pulled," whereas the best boat wins through the same means.

THOUGHTFUL HOSPITALITY—Entertaining an idea.

A RING WITH AN END—A herring.

HOW TO KISS.

First, grasp with haste, all round her waist
And hug her tight to thee;
And then she'll say, "Do go away—
Do—don't you—let me be!"
Then, oh, what bliss! but never miss
So good a chance as that;
Then make a dash, as quick as flash,
And—Harriet, hold my hat!!!

Two Irishmen were one day engaged in roofing a house, when one of them lost his hold, and fell to the ground. The other hastened to him, and inquired, when he found him lying prostrate and still, "Mickey! Mickey! are ye *dead?*" "No," replied Mickey, "not dead, but *spacheless!*"

VARIOUS FANCIES ON WEDDINGS.

A Wooden Wedding—Marrying a blockhead.
A Golden Wedding—Marrying for money.
A Crystal Wedding—Marrying a "glass eye."
A Tin Wedding—Marrying a milkmaid.
A Paper Wedding—Marrying an editor.
A Silver Wedding—Marrying an old maid of sixty.
An Iron Wedding—Marrying a blacksmith.
A Linen Wedding—Marrying a laundress.

A QUESTION.

They say the King of Burmah's bless'd
With fifty wives to soothe his rest:
If faintness e'er the King should pain,
Would the King re-wive again?

AN EVIL DEED—A forged will.

A negro had a severe attack of rheumatism which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, he rubbed it and swathed it; but all to no purpose. Finally, tearing away the bandage, he stuck it out, and, with a shake of his fist over it, exclaimed: "Ache away, den, ole feller, ache away. I sha'n't do nuffin more for yer; dis chile can stan' it as long as you ken; so, ache away."

"Jane," said a wag, "it's all over town!" "What's all over town?" "Mud!" Jane's eyes dropped.

"BOARDING-ROUND."

A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER'S DIARY.

Monday.—Went to board at Mr. B——'s; had a baked gander for dinner; supposed from various venerable appearances to have been one of the first settlers of Vermont; made a slight impression on the patriarch's breast. Supper—cold gander and potatoes; went to bed and dreamed of having eaten a quantity of stone wall.

Tuesday.—Cold gander for breakfast, swamp tea and some nut cake—the latter some consolation. Dinner—one leg, etc., of the gander done up warm. Supper—the other leg, etc., cold; dreamed I was a mud-turtle, and got on my back and could not get over again.

Wednesday.—Cold gander for breakfast; could eat nothing. Dinner—wings, etc., of the gander warmed up; did my best to destroy them for fear they should be left for supper. Supper—hot Johnny-cakes; felt greatly revived.

Thursday.—Cold gander again; much discouraged to see the gander not half gone. Went visiting for dinner and supper.

Friday.—Breakfast abroad. Dinner at Mr. B——'s; cold gander and hot potatoes—the latter good; ate three and went to school contented. Supper—cold gander and no potatoes, bread heavy and dry.

Saturday.—Cold gander and hot Indian Johnny-cake; did very well. Dinner—cold gander again; weighed and found I had lost six pounds the last week, grew alarmed; had a talk with Mr. B——, and concluded I had boarded out his share.

ANTIQUE RHYMES.

"There was a crow sat on a stone:
He flew away—and there was none."

"There was a man that run a race:
When he run *fast*—he run apace."

"There was a maid that ate an apple:
When she ate two—she ate a couple."

"There was an ape sat on a tree:
When he fell down—then fell down he!"

"There was a fleet that went to Spain:
When it returned—it came again!"

MODERN.

There was a man who sowed a plat
With Norway oats—*well, what of that?*

"THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST"—GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS.—Photographed by Savage & Ottinger, Salt Lake City.—[See Page 244.]

MARRIED. SINGLE.

TWO VIEWS OF AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

THE BROWN LADY.

I.

A bright day in May; the sun shining, as it is wont to shine, upon Paris more constantly than we growling islanders are willing to believe. Sunshine every where; in the streets and on the boulevards; pouring into gay gardens full of people possessed of a highly-cultivated faculty for amusing themselves; gently insinuating itself between curtains of silk and lace; showing off to quite inimitable advantage the treasures of architecture and sculpture with which the wealth and the genius of ages have endowed the chosen city of the modern arts—the grand metropolis of Pleasure. Nowhere is the sunshine more splendid than in the noble Rue de Rivoli, and it lights no prettier scene than the interior of a handsome room in a fine hotel, whose tenants are two persons, a man and woman—beautiful bride and noble bridegroom. The windows open on the street, a wide balcony filled with flowers intervening, and the thousand sounds which tell of the life of the *grand monde* invade the privacy of the pair, who seem to like the stir and the sunshine; for the young lady is standing just within the lace curtain, which hides her from view, and the young man is standing beside her, with an arm, against which she leans comfortably, round her slight waist.

"*Tout le monde s'amuse.* Yes, it does indeed; and if it didn't now, and didn't here, it must be a very stupid *monde*, and not at all worth belonging to. Just look, Burnham; there goes a carriage full of your *compatriotes;* and, though they look pleased, there's a slight expression of being rather surprised and just a little ashamed of themselves about them. Ah"—and the speaker nodded her *piquante* head with quaint gravity—"it is never thoroughly learned after one is grown up. Now *we* are educated in it."

"In what, Adeline?"

"In the art of amusing ourselves, of course. We find it in our very primers. Tell me, Burnham; when you were taught to read, what were the first sentences you learned?"

"I really can not remember, but I fancy the usual thing—'This is a cat; a dog has a tail; Tom is a bad boy:' there or thereabouts, I should say."

"Yes, yes; I know your horrible little spelling-books—your *désolant* examples of *instruction primaire.* Now the first reading-lesson I ever learned in my life, and the first rhyme, was:

'J'ai un gâteau!
Qu'il est beau!
Mes amis tous,
Réjouissons-nous!'

Simple you will acknowledge, and expressive. Not burdensome to the memory, and inculcating moral sentiments, such as sharing a cake when you have one, and calling on your friends to rejoice. Now that's just the difference between us, you see; you are taught that 'Tom is a bad boy,' and you think it means all the Toms of your acquaintance, and you had better have nothing to say to them; while we—oh, how well I remember how we used to sing the praises of the imaginary cake in chorus, and dance round like this!" And in a moment Lord Burnham found himself skillfully twirled out of his passive attitude and spun round on the floor, after which achievement her ladyship threw herself back in a chair, and laughed one of the most melodious laughs ever uttered by a Frenchwoman.

"Adeline, Adeline, how can you be so absurd!" said the bridegroom, who was sufficiently British of demeanor to think it necessary to protest, but for whom the wild spirits and droll conceits of the pretty French girl he had married a month before had a fascination which not the sternest monitor would have counseled him to resist.

"It *isn't* absurd!" she replied; "to be serious, to be dull, to be gloomy, to *parler raison* on such a day as this, is to be absurd—and—and *English!* There now, I declare you are vexed! *Vouz avez du spleen*—and you promised you wouldn't, you know."

"Indeed I am not vexed; indeed I have not *du spleen,*" Lord Burnham replied, with somewhat needless earnestness, as his bride's sparkling brown eyes might have told him; "but you amuse me out of my sober senses, and I really want to talk to you seriously, you know, before we start for home."

"Indeed!" said Lady Burnham, rising from her seat and approaching her husband with an expression in which a little apprehension mingled with girlish glee. "Then let us go to the Bois; the day is too beautiful; I can't talk or listen seriously here."

She rang the bell as she spoke. It was promptly answered by her footman.

"Send my maid here, and let the carriage come round as quickly as possible."

In a few minutes Lady Burnham, attired in a marvelous combination of silk, lace, embroidered muslin, and primrose-colored ribbon, was seated in an open carriage of the newest and most elegant construction, and, her bridegroom by her side, was being whirled by her English thoroughbreds, the admiration and the envy of the Parisian *beau monde,* toward the Bois de Boulogne.

The drive was prolonged until the dusk, and they returned to their hotel only in time to dress for dinner. As they parted to seek their dressing-rooms, Lord Burnham said, with a smile:

"*Convenu?*"

"*Convenu,*" she replied, "provided you don't make me stay there a day longer than you actually must."

When Lord Burnham was out of his wife's sight, and beyond the influence of her sweet voice and her sunny smiles, he began to look rather serious, and after a while his expression became gravely meditative. He paced his room from end to end, his face still retaining its troubled expression, until he suddenly exclaimed half aloud, "I will write to Madeleine; she will befriend her;" and with this resolution tranquillity came back to him.

Lady Burnham, on the contrary, laughed outright when she was alone, and said to herself, "If he loved me less, and had more of the odious English *morgue,* I might feel afraid; but, as it is, *je me moque d'elles.*"

A tall, elegant, supple figure, perfect in symmetry, full of vigorous health and activity, but lending itself to her present attitude of luxurious repose as though it were the most suited to it of all; shoulders worthy of the chisel of Story when under the influence of his own dream of Cleopatra; hands and feet such as marble never imaged, for their soft pure warmth and lightness are the privileges only of flesh and blood. The head was perfectly shaped, but not small; and in its expression there was intellect and will. The face, which wore the expression of extreme youth, rare in the case of brunettes, of which order of beauty Lady Burnham was a perfect specimen, was refined and delicate, and chiefly remarkable for the velvet softness of the large rich brown eyes, the long lashes, which exactly matched the chestnut hair in color, and the beauty of the mouth. Rarely has a Frenchwoman such a mouth. As she sat with her head forward and her face downcast, the beautiful scarlet under-lip drooped a little and showed the whole row of teeth, which ordinarily it covered, except when a magical smile caused the fruit-like lips and the milk-like teeth to be at once displayed and confounded, in a fashion which blended exquisite beauty of feature and expression. The rich complexion was also delicate; and the most determined and devoted advocate of blonde loveliness would not have denied that Lady Burnham was beautiful.

There was this peculiarity about her, that though her beauty was not "English," her manners were not "French." A *jeune personne,* carefully trained after the approved method, would not have been emancipated, in the early days of her marriage, from the colorless propriety, hitherto enforced by a whole code of petty prescriptions and restrictions, or she would have emancipated herself by a reactionary effort much at variance with good taste. She might have been awkward, she might have been impudent, but she could not have accomplished the airy graceful self-possession, the perfect individuality and feminine dignity, combined with sweetness and enlivened by an almost exuberant girlish gayety, which made this young Frenchwoman so attractive, and so unlike her fair compatriots on their emergence from the *jeune-personne* phase of existence into that of the *jeune femme.*

The father of Adeline de Beaucour was a man of rank, who thought more of his large fortune than of his good blood, and held his political aspirations and successes in higher estimation than either. He had lived always a brilliant, prosperous, influential life before the world, was a man of much mark, and of illimitable *avenir* among the adaptations and creations of the second Empire, and loved only two human beings in the world—himself and his beautiful daughter. His wife died in the third year of their marriage, and he had never thought of replacing her. He did not trouble himself about the family name; he was too much *empire* in his ways of thinking for that; and the wealth with which his daughter should be endowed would enable him to indulge himself by carrying out an idea which was a novelty indeed, for it was no other than that, when the proper time should arrive, he—of course having taken care that she should have no ineligible associates—would permit Adeline to marry the man of her choice, dispensing with family interventions, and relegating her fate altogether from the region of wise and advantageous bargains. He procured for her a large and liberal education under his own surveillance; and, intending her to choose her own lot, in so far as a woman can choose, he endeavored to give her just views of life and human nature, content to guide her judgment, without controlling her will by imprisoning her intelligence.

Walter Viscount Burnham was the only son of an English earl—a fact which M. de Beaucour appreciated—fairly rich for his present station, and with a great inheritance in the future; a young man of ability and reputation, held in esteem in M. de Beaucour's own circle, and well received in certain exclusive French cliques. He had not been accustomed to put restraint upon his inclinations, which had happily never been vicious, and very rarely harmful; and now, when he fell in love in all the strength and meaning of the phrase with Adeline de Beaucour, he did not allow the idea that his father and mother would probably dislike such a marriage for him to distress him in the least. They did not like it, even when they had had it satisfactorily explained to them that Adeline was well-born and wealthy. Her being a foreigner was "such a very dreadful thing;" and there was dear little Lady Laura Grantley just come out, whom Burnham's lady mother had always intended to have as a daughter-in-law—if something better did not turn up. The Earl was not exactly pleased, but then he was not exactly displeased, which indeed was his general condition of mind; happily indifferent to any thing which did not affect his chief interests in life—his stud and his field-sports. But he liked quiet, and it was easier and more politic for him to take the part of his wife who was present, and could make him actively uncomfortable, against the son who was absent, and could only grumble from a distance. Burnham knew that in the time to come Adeline must find out the truth. But when that time should come they would be so completely united that any thing which did not vex him would scarcely vex her; and besides, who could doubt that his beautiful amiable young wife would soon win the admiration and affection of his family?

The chief residence of the Earl of Marlesdale, Burnham Castle—situate in the heart of a beautiful midland county, in a park famous for its timber, was a stately seigneurial dwelling, of irregular but imposing architecture, built of deep-red brick, which showed warmly amidst the profuse green of the noble trees, faced with white cut stone, and abounding in turrets, chimneys, and windows of quaint devices, the latter glowing with color, and superb in blazonry—was the beau-ideal of a country residence. Terraces, vases, "wildernesses," ornamental water, strutting peacocks, aviaries, fountains of Italian workmanship, and gardens in the Italian style—charmingly contrasting and combining with the good old-fashioned garden and rosery in the near neighborhood of the stables, which the Earl's good taste had preserved intact amidst all the improvements of a scientific age—were to be seen at Burnham. Nothing was wanting to render the place a charming subject for a delicate engraving, illustrative of the "stately homes of England," and a pleasant home to which to introduce a young, handsome, well-born, well-bred, well-dowered bride. As a feature of local interest, as a show-place, though there were some quite first-class lions of historical magnitude in the vicinity, Burnham was perfect; it had even the highly-desirable, if not indispensable, ghost to recommend it. The last item in its treasures was more prized by the neighbors and the sight-seers than by the noble occupants of the castle. It was indeed generally understood that the Countess particularly objected to the ghost, in which, though not a romantic or imaginative person in general, she was said firmly to believe.

Lord and Lady Burnham were coming home. The Earl of Marlesdale, although really very glad to see his son at home again, and by no means dissatisfied with the marriage he had made, was not particularly excited about the event, and in pursuance of his usual predilection for a quiet life, remained in his own apartments, and left the women to do all the watching and waiting and guessing, all the gushing and welcoming and criticism by themselves. "The women," as the Earl irreverently termed in his thoughts the Countess of Marlesdale and the Ladies Blanche and Madeleine Raby, were in the Countess's morning-room, which opened on the terrace, and each of the three was, in her respective fashion, occupied with the approaching event.

"I think I hear the carriage, mamma," said Lady Madeleine, without turning her head, or relaxing the fixed gaze with which she was regarding the long avenue of elms.

"Very likely," said Lady Marlesdale; "they are much after their time already. Not that I expected punctuality."

"Oh, mamma," rejoined Madeleine, "it wasn't an English king who said punctuality was the politeness of princes! I'm right," she continued, eagerly; "here they come! I shall run round to the hall.—Won't you come, Blanche?"

"Thank you," replied that young lady, with calm indifference; "I shall wait until they are announced."

Madeleine ran with a light step along the terrace—from whence the advancing carriage was now distinctly visible—to the grand entrance. In a few minutes the travelers had arrived, had alighted, the bustle of reception was at its height, and Lady Marlesdale and her elder daughter had fully recognized the mistake they had made in concluding that because the Earl had said very little about the appearance and manners of his son's bride there was nothing favorable to be said. Lady Madeleine was dazzled and delighted; Lady Blanche was surprised, and in spite of herself pleased. The effect on the Countess of her daughter-in-law's beauty, grace, fascination, and perfect ease of manner—in which there was not a touch of insolence or want of deference, not a shade of any thing which the least friendly criticism could call ill-bred—was more decided and remarkable.

When the commotion had subsided, and Lady Burnham, accompanied by Lady Madeleine, had been installed in her apartments, the Countess and her husband found themselves alone for a few minutes. Lord Marlesdale looked inquiringly, perhaps a little timidly, at his wife before he said, "Well, my dear, and what do you think of her?"

"I had no idea she was so handsome," replied Lady Marlesdale, but her tone was absent, her look *distraite.*

"I thought you would be agreeably surprised," said the Earl. "I did not say much about her looks, because I think one never learns any thing from a description. Time to get ready for dinner, is it not?" And then his lordship, feeling like an individual who had got out of a scrape with unexpected, perhaps unmerited, facility, took himself off.

The sun had gone down, and the shades of the summer evening were spreading themselves over the house, when Lady Marlesdale crossed the great hall and entered the library, a spacious, sombre, almost solemn-looking room. At the upper end a heavy carved oak door, which turned noiselessly upon its hinges, opened on a lofty but narrow gallery, which extended across the whole width of the house, and contained a valuable collection of paintings. This gallery was lighted from the top by gas, artistically disposed. When Lady Marlesdale passed through the dim library into the picture-gallery she was startled for a moment by the brilliant effect. The long line of family portraits which occupied the opposite wall could be seen from end to end with perfect distinctness, and her eye lighted without hesitation upon the picture she had come to look at. As her glance fell upon it her hand left the heavy door, and it shut softly. She was quite alone with the lifeless thing she had come to see. For a moment she shrunk back and closed her eyes; the next she stepped across the crimson carpet and stood before a large picture, inscribed upon whose frame was a date not less than two centuries old.

The painting was a remarkable one, because it was finely executed, because the portrait had the peculiar unmistakable stamp upon it of a true likeness. The back-ground was a beautiful garden-scene; the portrait was that of a woman, young, beautiful, and of a haughty carriage. She stood close to a rose-bush, from which she had just gathered two rich red roses, and held them carelessly in her hand. The style of her beauty was peculiar, the perfection of the brunette, brilliant, full of life and expression. In the tall full figure grace and dignity were combined, and set off by the remarkable dress, whose material was of satin, its color a chocolate brown, relieved by rich lace at the neck, and ruffles of the same.

Lady Marlesdale gazed upon this portrait with a look of concentrated painful attention. Her features were rather commonplace, though passably handsome, and it required some very strong emotion to render them expressive. That strong emotion was working within her now no one could have doubted who saw how the face changed.

"It was no fancy," she said to herself; "it was not an imagination; I did not think it merely because she has a brown complexion and wonderful brown eyes, and because I do not and can not like a foreigner and a Papist, and feel that there is ill-luck in her coming here. It is no fancy. This girl might be the original of that picture—she might be the French countess, the wicked French queen's wicked companion, herself as handsome, perhaps as wicked too. I never saw any thing so extraordinary—the same brow, the same eyes, the same smile, the same look of power about her, and yet of sunny youth and girlishness. I wish she had never crossed Burnham's path—I wish she had taken her money and her beauty any where else. I dreaded her before I saw her, and now I know why."

"Well, my darling, how do you like them all? And what do you think of old Burnham?" asked Lord Burnham of his beautiful wife, within the first moment of their welcome solitude. He had placed himself on a foot-stool beside the sofa on which she lay, in a long white dressing-gown, her brown hair hanging loosely over her shoulders. He took a long tress, and twined it round his fingers as he spoke.

"As if I could tell you all in a minute, and when I'm so tired," said his wife. "You have no reasonableness, Sir. I'll tell you in a week."

"Nonsense, Adeline; tell me now. As if it ever took you a week to make up your mind about any thing!"

Lady Burnham laughed. "Let my hair alone," she said; "you are pulling it out by the roots, you rough Englishman. I will tell you something about it. I like your father; and Madeleine is a perfect darling—she and I will be the greatest friends; but Blanche is very odd. Is she stupid, Burnham; or very good; or what is she?"

"I believe she is both," replied Burnham, with a smile.

"Very likely," said Adeline, seriously. "At all events, I don't think I shall ever understand her or make her understand me. But I do not think I need mind her much. If we don't coalesce, we sha'n't clash."

She paused here, sat up, and began to twist the rich masses of her hair. Then she covered them with a silken net, and yawned as if she had suddenly become very sleepy. This device to evade further questions did not, however, succeed.

Lord Burnham sat down upon the sofa beside his wife, put his right arm around her, and gently turned her face toward him with his left hand. She did not resist him, but her eyelids drooped, and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"Adeline," he said, gently, but as if he were in earnest, and meant her to attend to him, "you are trying to avoid answering me. You have some reason for this. Why will you not tell me what you think of my mother? Has she failed in any thing toward you? You shall not stay here a day if she has," he added, impetuously.

"No, Burnham, no; I assure you she has not—indeed, you are wrong; but her manner is different from the others', and as she is of more importance to me, I did not like to judge her too soon, or to give way to any fancy about her. But, since I must tell you, I don't think I impressed her favorably at all. You know I have queer notions sometimes, and you have more than once laughed at my reading of expressions; well, at dinner I frequently caught your mother's eye, and whenever I did so I felt that she was looking at me with dislike—hush! let me explain—not dislike *of me* so much as the feeling with which we look at a face which brings a disagreeable association with it—a face like one which we dislike."

"Absurd, Adeline," said Lord Burnham. "How could my mother or any one have an unpleasant association with a face like yours? Nothing can be less likely than that she ever saw any one like you, my darling. You are wrong for once; and it is not like yourself, my Adeline, to let such an idea interfere with any thing so really important as that you and my mother should get on well together. She is rather prejudiced against every one who is not born in her country and bred in her religion—though she is far from being so great a fool as Blanche, always remember—and she is not blessed with a particularly amiable expression of countenance. There is the whole explanation, and the matter is in your hands. My mother will no more hold out against you, if you choose to conquer her, than my mother's son did."

Lady Burnham appeared to accept her husband's explanation and assurance, and was genuinely glad to be relieved from any further discussion of the subject; but neither made the least impression on her mind.

A series of entertainments of a ponderous fashion occupied the greater part of a fortnight; and

at the end of that time, a temporary residence in London having been obtained for Lord and Lady Burnham, they left the Castle for town. Lady Marlesdale followed them in a few days, accompanied by Lady Madeleine Raby, who was to remain with her brother and his wife, while her mother and sister sojourned at Burnham, too glad of the opportunity to avoid "the frivolities of a London season," as Lady Blanche called them—when explaining her intentions, which he cordially approved—to the Rev. Josiah Crawler. Lady Marlesdale went through the ceremony of "presenting" her son's wife with all proper solemnity; and it was in the afternoon of that day when Lady Burnham's beauty had been a general theme of conversation, and Burnham's luck had been largely commented upon, that Lady Madeleine Raby solved a question which had occurred to her several times.

The three ladies had just returned from St. James's Palace, and were sipping tea in the rather dingy dining-room of the temporary residence, when Lord Burnham joined them. He was delighted with his wife's beauty, and pleased with her dress. She was standing with her train thrown over her arm, and had just put down her cup and taken up her bouquet; Madeleine was looking at her earnestly.

"Let your train down, Adeline," said Lord Burnham, "and let me see you just as you were when you passed her Majesty."

She looked at him, smiling, with her graceful head held up, shook out the rich folds of her white-satin train, and threw them back with a movement of her hand which slightly raised the skirt of her dress, and showed her foot in its high-heeled satin shoe.

"That's it!" exclaimed Madeleine; "now I know what it is that has always puzzled me; now I know who Adeline is so like.—Don't you see it, Burnham?—(Take care, mamma; your tea will be all over your petticoat in a minute.)—She is the very image of the Brown Lady!"

II.

THE London season was over, and the seaside season in England, and the gambling and flirtation season in continental Europe, had also closed. The stately old country houses were assembling their inmates for Christmas; the weather was seasonable—*i. e.*, very delightful for rich people with every sort of outdoor pleasure and indoor luxury at command, and productive of intense suffering to the poor who lacked all these things—and sport had been capital at Burnham, where the heir and his wife were passing the Christmas holidays.

It was the beginning of Christmas week; the snow, which had been falling lightly for some days, was frozen, and the weather had reached a point of "seasonableness" which precluded outdoor amusements, except to such hardy individuals as professed a taste for the noble art of skating. Burnham Castle had its full complement of Christmas guests, and they were sometimes a little heavy in hand, and gave the Countess some trouble in their management—trouble which she sustained nevertheless with indefatigable courage, for the sake of her pride and her son.

A portentously long morning had been beguiled by a visit to the picture-gallery, of which Lady Burnham had done the honors. She had no knowledge of art, but she had an unlearned taste for pictures, and she had taken some pains to make herself acquainted with the valuable though not extensive collection at Burnham Castle. Lady Madeleine's remark upon her likeness to the portrait known as that of "the French countess"—but unmentioned in the catalogue pretentiously inscribed on vellum and kept in the library—had not escaped her at the time; and she had afterward asked her sister-in-law who the "French countess" was, and whether there was any thing remarkable in her story, purposing to inspect the portrait on her return to Burnham, and see what she thought of the supposed likeness. Accordingly she took an early opportunity of inspecting the portrait in question. She recognized the likeness at once; it was no fancy of Lady Marlesdale's or of Madeleine's; and Burnham recognized it also. But while Adeline was pleased and flattered, for the beauty of the French countess was very striking, her husband's indifference piqued and provoked Lady Burnham.

"I do believe," she said, "you have a touch of your mother's notions on this point, and would be delighted if I could be proved like any of those pretty dolls of Englishwomen, with their china-blue eyes and their silly simpers."

"Indeed you mistake me," said Lord Burnham, earnestly. "The only woman as beautiful as you—if indeed she was that, and I doubt it—who ever belonged to our family was that lady whom you are strikingly like; but she brought disgrace and shame with her, Adeline, and there has been little of them in the history of the Burnhams. You can understand now, my darling, why we do not much like the mention of the French countess, and why my mother, in particular, dislikes it."

"Tell me the story," said Adeline, imperiously; "sit down here, and tell it to me at once. I want to hear it; I must hear it."

She looked so beautiful, so engaging, so delightful, in her playful, imperative ways, and with her brown eyes sparkling, partly with curiosity and partly with scorn, that he could not resist. All his own reluctance, and the reluctance of his mother, were forgotten in the impulse he felt to give pleasure to his young wife, and he said:

"I will not tell you the story myself, Adeline, because I should only spoil it; but I promise you shall hear it, well told, on Christmas-eve, with all the effect due to a ghost-story."

"A ghost-story! Is there a ghost, then, attached to the picture, as well as the coincidence of my likeness to it?"

"There is," said Burnham, rather seriously, "and Crawford is the only person I know who can tell the story. So you shall hear it on Christmas-eve, just at the witching hour. My mother has a horror of its being told, but she will never know."

Lady Burnham thanked her husband with a sparkling smile. There was the slightest touch of mischief in it, but he did not perceive that; and she protested he had given her a fresh interest in the old house.

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At a little after eleven o'clock on Christmas-eve, when the grave and elderly portion of the guests at Burnham Castle—not to be beguiled by any sentimental ideas of hearing even Christmas chimes at midnight—had retired, a select party occupied Lady Burnham's boudoir, where a superb fire and brilliant clusters of wax-lights formed comfortable accessories to the correct and sensational narration of the ghost-story. The party consisted of Lord and Lady Burnham, Captain Crawford, and Sir Cecil Morse, his particular friend, and a respectful but ardent admirer of Lady Burnham, whom he lost no opportunity of declaring to be "a stunner." Adeline occupied a low chair at the side of the fire; the light of the dancing flames played upon the folds of her dress of rich blue satin and lace, and found a thousand reflections in the jewels on her neck and arms. She was looking down at Burnham, who was lying on the hearth-rug, his head supported by her foot-stool, and her little Skye terrier nestling in his arms. Sir Cecil sat opposite to her; and the story-teller walked up and down the room, in which exercise he found much assistance and delight.

"Now then, Crawford," said Burnham, "begin. We are all ready; and I am in a delightful situation for shivering."

"Don't spoil the effect of my story by your chaff," said Captain Crawford. "I address myself solely to her ladyship."

"I am listening," said Lady Burnham.

"The legend of the Brown Lady of Burnham is in this wise," began Captain Crawford. "In the evil days of Charles the First the earldom of Marlesdale did not exist; but there had been Barons of Marlesdale time out of mind, good men and true for the most part, and loyal alike to their friends, their country, and their King. The women who had come into the Marlesdale family by marriage or by birth had all been handsome, as your portrait-gallery testifies—and virtuous, as the family annals boast. But no woman married or born among the Marlesdales had equaled in beauty and fascination the bride whom Jocelyn Lord Marlesdale wooed and won at the court of the French queen, Henrietta Maria. Tongues wagged when the bride came home to Burnham, attended by a brilliant company from London, for she was a foreigner and a widow."

Lady Burnham looked up suddenly, and made Captain Crawford feel rather awkward; he remembered that the listener was also a foreigner.

"A widow, you say," she asked him, "and a foreigner? Was she a Frenchwoman?"

"She was"—Lord Burnham answered the question—"her name was Marcelline de Senaart."

Lady Burnham said no more, and Captain Crawford continued: "The new Lady Marlesdale was popular with her London friends, and her husband had an infatuated love for her. Her wants were extravagant, and Lord Marlesdale's fortune soon proved inadequate to their demands. Lady Marlesdale, the French countess as she was called, was the most extravagant woman at the court of Queen Henrietta Maria, and her extravagance in the expenditure of money was not the only charge brought against her by the country neighbors of Jocelyn Lord Marlesdale, who envied her for the gay and brilliant life which was beyond their reach, and hated her because she disliked and despised them, and suffered her lord to pass but few and brief periods of his life at Burnham. The portrait in your picture-gallery, which represents the French countess in the zenith of her beauty, was painted by a famous court-painter, one Antony Vandyke, in the third year of her marriage, when rumors had begun to circulate about an estrangement between her and her husband, mainly caused, it was said, by the determined enmity of Charles Raby, Lord Marlesdale's brother, who held his beautiful sister-in-law in abhorrence, which people were apt to say had had its origin in her rejection of him in favor of his elder brother. Be that as it may, Charles Raby hated the French countess, and betrayed to her husband, either personally or through his agents, the fact of her infidelity. The lover for whom the French countess deceived her English lord was a countryman of her own, a dissolute young noble, who had come to England in the Queen's train, and had enjoyed much of the Queen's favor. Indeed, when the case, fully made out, was laid before Lord Marlesdale, he had the clearest conviction that the Queen, his loyally-served master's wife, had been a consenting and assisting party in the dishonor that had been brought upon him. The first step taken by Lord Marlesdale was to withdraw from the court. This he did at some risk to his reputation; for the troubles of the monarchy, the downfall of the King, were beginning, and it was a time when it behooved true men to stand fast by that which was falling. But Lord Marlesdale cared nothing for that—his life was centred in the beautiful base woman who had been false to him always, from the beginning. He challenged the man who had wronged him, and ran him through with his sword: this occurred on the old Christmas-day—the 6th January—as we style it now. The French countess was in attendance on the Queen at the time, and knew nothing of what had happened until a page brought her a token at supper, and she opened the packet laughingly, amidst somewhat jeering comments on the devotion of her lord. It contained a few lines, in which he bade her farewell forever, and a kerchief of her own, which her lover had worn, steeped in his heart's blood. Thus when the Queen returned to her own country, as it proved, forever, Lady Marlesdale went with her. She was talked of sometimes in the land she had disgraced and left, and to her was justly imputed the blame of Lord Marlesdale's absolute inaction in the troubles of the great rebellion. He lived at Burnham, and steadily abstained from any participation in the strife. Time passed on, and at length a fresh rumor arose that Burnham Castle was haunted. Lady Marlesdale was dead, intelligence of her death had reached England, and her husband had seen her ghost. He was dying slowly of fear, they said, and the French countess 'walked' in the picture-gallery every night. Being questioned by the parson, Lord Marlesdale, with much hesitation and evident suffering, acknowledged that he had seen the phantom of his wife three times, on each occasion in the same place and under similar circumstances. The stir caused by these stories was the greater because Charles Raby had gone to London some time before, and his wife was much alarmed and distressed at her solitude, being then expecting the birth of her first child.

"Upon Charles Raby's return to Burnham he found his brother, Lord Marlesdale, at the point of death. He disbelieved in the ghost. But he, too, was destined to view the apparition of the 'Brown Lady.' One night as he grew drowsy he fancied he heard the faintest rustling, like the trailing of a dress upon a matted floor. His momentary doze was dispelled by the consciousness that there was some one near; he opened his eyes, and saw the Brown Lady—saw her distinctly at his bedside, a couple of feet removed from him, her head held up, her brown hair falling on her shoulders, two red roses in her right hand, and her satin train held back by the left. He looked at her, and she looked at him with the beautiful brown eyes he had so loved and hated, while his heart beat as if it would choke him, and his limbs grew heavy and cold. As he looked she glided away, and was lost in the darkness behind the heavy velvet curtains of the bed. Terror held him motionless for a little, and then, when it released him, he started up and looked eagerly around. There was nothing there. Then apprehension and pity for his wife kept him quiet, fierce thirst seized him, and he drank off at a draught the large cupful of spiced wine which, according to the fashion of the time, had been set ready for him. The draught soothed him strangely; he began to feel a curious numbness, and then came nothingness; but he solemnly declared afterward that, while he yet retained a little of his senses, he heard a low, short laugh.

"With the morning horror and anguish came to Burnham Castle. Charles Raby was found in frightful agony, succeeded by paroxysms of delirium, and the physicians—not easily to be got at then, fetched with the slow haste of those days—were puzzled by the case, as our wise men might be now. It looked very like poisoning, they said; at all events it was hopeless, and in that they were right. Charles Raby died on the following night, having told, in the intervals of relief which came to him, the story I have now told you. His son was born upon the day of the funeral, and succeeded Jocelyn Lord Marlesdale in three months. He was a splendid fellow in his time, and the first earl.

"When Charles Raby's death gave the bewildered household leisure to attend to any thing, some strange discoveries were made. The valise which had contained the gold and jewels brought to Burnham by Lord Marlesdale's brother was empty. Gems and other valuables had been abstracted from the cabinets in Lord Marlesdale's apartments, and the long-disused rooms of the French countess had evidently been ransacked; laces, dresses, and ornaments had been removed. When full search had been made indoors, they proceeded to inquiries without, and ascertained that a dark-complexioned man of distinctly-foreign appearance had appeared in the neighborhood of Burnham, accompanied by a stout serving-man, and having in his possession three fine horses, of which one carried the baggage. Their arrival had been simultaneous with the journey of Charles Raby to London, and they had taken their departure at daybreak on the morning after his return, long before any intelligence of the trouble at the castle had penetrated to the village. No suspicion attached to them, no effort was made to trace them; but the narrative of Charles Raby's widow declares that these two men took shipping for France from Southampton, and that on the night after they sailed the ship was wrecked in the Channel, and many of the dead bodies washed ashore. One of these was discovered to be the corpse of a woman disguised in male attire; and though it never was identified, and the woman and child on whom the station and the responsibility of the Marlesdales had devolved were too weak and too timid to investigate the matter which concerned them so nearly, at the cost of angering great personages in France, the widow never had any doubt but that the drowned woman was Lady Marlesdale."

Adeline looked serious and perplexed.

"So it was not a ghost after all; only a living woman, who robbed and murdered? But how, then, do people still believe in the ghost? Why do they say she walks in the picture-gallery every year at Christmas-time? And why, may I ask, Captain Crawford, is this story supposed to be *your* especial property?"

"I will answer your ladyship categorically," said Captain Crawford. "People believe in the ghost because, in the first place, they have heard the story, and not its explanation; and in the second, because they prefer to believe in it. They say the ghost walks in the picture-gallery at Christmas-time because it is pleasant and exciting to say so, and quite the correct thing for a country house. But they believe it too. I venture to say you would find it difficult to persuade any of the party assembled in this house to-night to go into the picture-gallery alone after dark, especially on Twelfth-night. Finally, the story is mine because the first earl's mother was also my mother's ancestress, and some of her papers are still in the possession of my family."

"Thank you, Captain Crawford; you have thoroughly satisfied my curiosity."

"And tired her out," said Lord Burnham, scrambling up from the hearth-rug. "Come and have a cigar."

Left by herself, Lady Burnham sat in the same attitude by the boudoir fire. But her face was thoughtful, and her eyes were bent on the red-hot cavern formed by the glowing coals.

"How very strange!" she was thinking; "I might have known all this if papa had ever thought our old family history worth looking into. I wonder what our version of it is; brutal ill-usage on the part of the *mari anglais*, no doubt, and splendid devotion to the fallen fortunes of the daughter of Henri Quatre. Marcelline de Beaucour, Comtesse de Senaart—how very, very odd! It would never do to let Lady Marlesdale know that I have a good right to resemble the portrait of the French countess. Shall I tell Burnham? No, not yet; it would spoil the fun. How much amused he will be! And Captain Crawford—how delightful if *he* is persuaded into believing in the ghost!"

* * * * * * *

The party assembled at Burnham for the celebration of the good old festival of Twelfth-night was unusually numerous and lively. It included many young people—for whom the attractions of drawing for the king, snap-dragon, and dancing were provided—the staying company in the house, and some officers, friends of Sir Cecil Morse and Captain Crawford, who had thought it well worth their while to run up from Portsmouth for a few days.

In the smoking-room on the night before Twelfth-day, Lord Burnham being absent, Captain Crawford told the story of the Brown Lady once more, and with great success. The officers from Portsmouth were quite pleased, and almost excited, by the narrative; and one, a young lieutenant, who imagined himself an authority on beauty and style, and who believed, in his honest and simple conceit, that no woman, not even the "match" of the Brown Lady herself, could possibly resist him, proposed an adjournment *en masse* to inspect the famous portrait. But Captain Crawford opposed this proceeding, on the grounds that the house was all quiet for the night, and of course the gas had been turned out in the picture-gallery. With the majority of the little party this argument succeeded, and the notion was abandoned; but Tommy Toxteth was not to be persuaded.

"Bother the gas!" said the youth; "come along, Crawford; let the others stay here—they've seen the picture, and I haven't; I have never been through the gallery at all. Let's take a candle apiece and go—the Brown Lady will look all the more ghastly, or ghostly, in the dim light."

"By Jove! you're developing, Tommy," said Sir Cecil Morse; "you're actually displaying imagination! What next?"

"Don't bother," returned the lieutenant; "come along."

Captain Crawford enjoyed, and deserved, the reputation of a very good-natured sort of fellow, and he rose, though rather lazily, to comply with Tommy Toxteth's request. The two made their way to the staircase, at the foot of which one door of the picture-gallery was situated. The candles they carried gave but a dim light in the large, empty space, and Tommy Toxteth declared he already felt "creepy," when Captain Crawford opened the door, and they entered the gallery—just in time to see a woman's figure vanish at the opposite end. The lieutenant started violently, and tumbled up against Captain Crawford, who, not so much disconcerted, but still not completely unmoved, caught him by the arm, and said,

"Take care; you'll drop the candle."

"Bother the candle!" returned Tommy; "did you see *that?*"

"I saw a woman, certainly—one of the servants, I suppose."

"Do you? Why do you speak in a whisper, then? And *why does any servant in the house wear a brown dress with a train?*"

"Are you certain of that? The gallery is long, and the light is dim."

"I am perfectly certain, and I have remarkably good sight."

Tommy Toxteth leaned most unceremoniously against one of the family portraits as he spoke, and rubbed his evening-dressed shoulders against the white-satin knee of a Raby of the time of George II. Captain Crawford looked at him blankly.

"I say," said Tommy, "we shall get preciously chaffed if we let out that, having come to look at the portrait, we have seen the ghost. Come and let's have a peep at the picture, at all events."

Without speaking, Crawford advanced to the portrait, and the two men held the lights they carried so as to show it to the best advantage. The picture looked even more lifelike in the feeble light than in the brightness of the gas jets. The proud, beautiful face; the bright, yet soft and speaking eyes; the graceful figure, which seemed coming forward to meet the gazers—all had a striking, an overpowering effect, which told on the young lieutenant, though he did his best to throw it off. They looked at the picture for some time, but in silence, and when they turned away from it and left the gallery, they still did not speak, until they had reached the first landing on the stair.

"All a fancy of ours, of course," said Craw-

ford; "either a mere imagination, or a clever house-maid, who chooses the unfrequented gallery for a rendezvous with her footman lover."

"Why did we not see the footman lover, then?" asked the lieutenant, with more presence of mind than was habitual to him; "and how do you explain the dress?"

"You must have imagined the dress," said Captain Crawford.

"And you the footman," returned the lieutenant.

More time than they had supposed had elapsed while the two had been absent, and they found the smoking-room forsaken by all but Sir Cecil Morse and Mr. Netterville, a middle-aged individual of no particular persuasion or profession, who was an inveterate smoker, and liked his cigars in company.

"What ails you both?" asked Sir Cecil. "Any one would think you had seen a ghost!"

"I am not sure that we have not," said Tommy Toxteth, "and *the* ghost too."

"What!" said Sir Cecil, with an incredulous grin, "the Brown Lady herself?"

"Yes, the Brown Lady herself."

"Nonsense," said Sir Cecil; "why, I thought you did not believe in it, Craw?"

"So I thought myself until to-night," said Crawford; "and I am not quite sure that I *do* believe in it now; but, on the other hand, I'm not quite sure that I don't."

Mr. Netterville and Sir Cecil insisted on an explanation, which the others gave; and the surprise caused by the story was all they could have desired, had they been telling it for effect. Mr. Netterville suggested that the truth might be tested by watching for the ghost on another night.

"Unless the Brown Lady is very much altered for the better," he said, laughing, "she is not likely to miss a chance of being seen."

"And let me tell you," said Tommy Toxteth, with a dismal attempt at a joke, "to see even the ghost of such a woman as the Brown Lady is not to be sneezed at."

"Suppose we all watch for the Brown Lady to-morrow night," said Sir Cecil; "it's Twelfth-night, the time she is said to appear quite regularly. If she does, we'll agree not to be in the least frightened; and if she does not, to set down Craw and Tommy for a pair of poltroons."

"Agreed," said Mr. Netterville; and he then added, reflectively, "what a deuced unpleasant thing for a family it must be to have an hereditary ghost! If I had one, which I have not—the Nettervilles are not important enough for that—I should have had a shot at it long ago."

"A shot at it!" exclaimed Crawford—"a shot at a ghost!"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Netterville; "if such things exist, why not learn all there is to be learned about them? It is a popular belief, quite as profound as belief in the existence of ghosts, that if you see one, and fire at it with a bullet—I am not sure whether the bullet must be silver, but I think not—it will never appear again; a cheap and simple remedy for intrusive spirits."

The conversation among the gentlemen was not much more prolonged; but before they finally parted for the night they determined on a plan of action which should solve their own half-admitted doubts, and be a curious experiment in ghost-lore.

* * * * * *

There was only one drawback to the success of the party at Burnham Castle on the following day—the absence of Lord Burnham. He was unavoidably detained at the county town on business. He was the most sedulously attentive of husbands, as all agreed; and each of the young ladies secretly hoped, when the time came for the fulfillment of her destiny, she might find a *parti* so eligible in all respects. Lady Burnham announced at breakfast that she had had a letter from her husband, full of apologies and regret. At luncheon she mentioned that she had received a telegram confirming the impossibility of Lord Burnham's reaching the castle in time for dinner; and while the latter gorgeous solemnity was in progress, a second telegram was handed to her, which she read aloud.

The message was: "It is barely possible I may catch the last train. Do not expect me before to-morrow. Do not send to the station."

"It's the only time, I can say with a clear conscience, I ever wished Lord Burnham to remain away," said Lady Burnham to Zelie, when, the dinner being over, and the party assembled, for the recreations proper to the evening, in the saloon, she contrived to escape to her own rooms for a short colloquy with her maid. "It would have been difficult to manage about him, and he might have spoiled it all unintentionally. All is quite safe, I hope; Parker has no notion of joining the servants, and there's no fear of her ladyship sitting up?"

"Not the least fear, my lady. Mrs. Parker despises all the servants except Samuel; and if she could have kept him from watching for the ghost with them she would have told of the servants to her ladyship; but she couldn't persuade him."

"And the gentlemen are quite determined? There is no danger of their giving it up?"

"Not the least, my lady. It's all settled with Mr. Mills."

"I must go back, lest I might be missed. Every thing is ready?"

"Every thing."

Zelie threw open the door of Lady Burnham's dressing-room, which was brilliantly lighted.

She looked in, laughed, gave a satisfied nod of her sunny brown head, and ran lightly down stairs.

The evening wore gayly away. The mimic sovereignty awarded when the Twelfth-night cake was cut and apportioned was fully enjoyed; the carpet-dance was lively, if not very long; for Twelfth-day fell on Saturday, and the rules were strict at Burnham Castle. At half past eleven "good-nights" were exchanged; the ladies retired, and the majority of the gentlemen sought the smoking-room.

* * * * * *

The numerous clocks in the house and offices had struck twelve, and an apparent but deceitful quiet reigned in the castle, when Captain Crawford, Mr. Netterville, Sir Cecil Morse, and Tommy Toxteth, attended by Mr. Mills, and followed on tip-toe by a few of the other male guests at Burnham, took their way to the central hall. A number of servants, silent and motionless, were assembled there. The order of proceeding had been so carefully settled beforehand that there was nothing to be talked about, and the strictest silence prevailed—silence which permitted the hurried breathing of the women to be audible. The three doors which communicated with the picture-gallery had been left ajar, and the gallery was dimly lighted by a few gas jets, turned down to not much above the point of extinction.

Captain Crawford and Tommy Toxteth passed into the library by a door opening into the middle of the hall, and took up a position behind that which communicated with the picture-gallery. Sir Cecil Morse and Mr. Netterville passed into the great dining-room by a similar door on the other side of the hall, and took up a position behind that which communicated with the picture-gallery. The other gentlemen, with all the servants standing close behind them, placed themselves at the central door, which led from the hall into the picture-gallery, and was opened to its full extent, its two *battants* laid back against the wall.

These operations had been performed without the aid of any other light than that which the dimly-burning gas in the gallery afforded, and the scene was an impressive one.

"The mamzell isn't here," said one of the servants in the lowest possible tone to the "serious" footman.

"Hush!" whispered Samuel, "she will be here directly. She can't get away until her ladyship is undressed."

He had hardly spoken when a light figure crossed the dim hall with a noiseless step, and a touch on the sleeve of the "serious" footman's coat made him aware of Zelie's presence.

"Is your pistol ready?" whispered Crawford to Tommy Toxteth, as he took him gently by the shoulders and placed him in the narrow opening of the door on the left. "Face that way, and cover that end."

"Which way is she said to come?" asked the lieutenant, in a less heroic tone than he could have wished.

"No one knows, as we already told you; so there's an equal chance for both."

An almost identically-similar dialogue had taken place in the great dining-room, where Sir Cecil Morse and Mr. Netterville were posted. Mr. Netterville faced the door on the right, at the end of the gallery, the staircase immediately outside which communicated with the right wing of the building, containing the Countess's apartments.

"It is settled that we give the ghost till *one*, isn't it?" said Mr. Netterville. "Quite long enough, I think; the servants might be persuaded they had seen a dozen by that time."

"Hush!" said Sir Cecil; "don't whisper. If any of the ladies are up they might think it was thieves."

Dead silence. Waiting. Something like genuine awe among the servants. Something not altogether like incredulity among the gentlemen. Perfect stillness among all. The women's cold hands grasp the men's, and they stand very close together, and have strange lumps in their throats, and shivers through their limbs; and there is not one of them but knows if she tried to speak she could not do it. A quarter past twelve. Dead silence. Waiting. Then the sudden, horrible howling of a dog, which makes the women start and catch their breath, and some of them feel that if they were not afraid of the gentlemen, who are watching intently, and whom, such is the power of their caste, they dare not, even for terror's potent sake, disturb, they would run away, if indeed their limbs would carry them; but, if they should not, then it would be a relief to drop down where they stand.

Dead silence. Waiting.

But there was a slight noise which, if every ear were not painfully strained in one direction, might have been heard. From Lady Burnham's boudoir a glass-door opened on a light iron stair leading to the flower-garden, which in the summer had formed her chief pleasure at Burnham. The slight noise above-mentioned was caused by the unlocking of this heavily-curtained door, and the entrance into the warmed and lighted room of no unauthorized intruder, but of Lord Burnham. He had caught the last train at the last minute, and had walked over from the station, guided by the cold, wintry moonlight, and taking a well-known short cut which brought him to the flower-garden. He looked across it, saw the lights in his wife's rooms, and decided on letting himself in by the side-door, and enjoying her delight and surprise. She was still up, he knew, for he saw a shadow passing back and forward once or twice as he crossed the garden. He opened the door, pushed the curtain aside, and looked eagerly into the room. Adeline was not there. He locked the glass-door, and went into the dressing-room, which was in great confusion but empty; then into her bedroom, with the same result.

"She hasn't come up," he thought; "they are in the saloon. I wish she had been here; I don't want to go down stairs;" and he went irresolutely into the corridor. No lights, no servants about. He took a wax-light from Adeline's dressing-table, and went quickly toward the saloon, which was empty. "They must be at supper in the dining-room," he thought. Then he crossed the saloon with a hasty step, and went out of the door which opened on a corridor communicating with the staircase of the right wing. The wax-light in his hand burned dimly, and flickered as the draught from the closing door caught it, but the light sufficed to show Lord Burnham that he was not alone. From the far end of the corridor into the centre of which he had emerged, something came toward him, something which chilled his blood and made his heart stand still—something in human shape which yet was not human, which was the form of a beautiful woman and yet was no woman. An awful phantom, with a shadowy face, as of a woman with brown bright eyes and rich brown hair, heaped up from the broad brow, and falling on bare polished shoulders, majestic yet terrible, for the luminous form had the semblance of substance, and yet had it not, and sight of it had the dread and agony of death without peace, or sanctity, or any thing but fear. The phantom came toward him, walking, but not as living beings walk; the movement was not a movement of the limbs, but was an onward sweep as of the wind. The awful presence was clothed in phantom garments of rich, trailing brown satin; the train was held aside by one hand, and a foot shone beneath the skirt, a motionless foot which yet was borne along, and on which diamonds gleamed. In the other hand were two rich red roses; and when the awful thing had passed by the cowering human wretch who shrunk against the wall, it turned and, with the hand which held the two red roses uplifted again as by a sweeping wind, waved to him to follow it. The light had dropped from his hand and was quenched, but he needed no light to do that terrific bidding. From the awful presence came something that was not light, but yet which banished darkness, which forbade the blessedness of seeing it no more. On went the phantom, down the wide flat stairs, the satin train sweeping noiselessly over the crimson carpet, on, on, to the right-hand door of the picture-gallery, on which the eyes of Sir Cecil Morse and Mr. Netterville were intently fixed.

Dead silence. Waiting. Half past twelve.

There is the slightest possible movement of the left-hand door of the picture-gallery, there is the lowest whisper breathed into Crawford's ear—

"My God! There it is!"

And the Brown Lady glides through the doorway—her head up, her brown hair falling on her neck, her satin train held back with that queenly gesture of the hand, the two rich red roses nestling against the lustrous folds of her dress, the raised skirt showing the beautiful foot with the glittering diamond buckle. In another second Captain Crawford has wrenched the pistol from Tommy Toxteth's hand, and with a loud cry of "Lady Burnham, stop! for God's sake, stop!" has caught the Brown Lady in his arms; but within the same instant a shot rings sharply through the gallery, and a heavy fall is heard outside the opposite door.

* * * * * *

They laid the young man's lifeless body on the floor, where his wretched wife had flung herself, and, at her earnest prayer, permitted her to search for the wound, which Mr. Netterville frantically accused himself of having inflicted. But there was no wound, and the bullet which had been fired at the ghost was found on the carpet, six feet within the door whose threshold the dead man had not crossed. He was quite dead. She knew it; she needed no one to tell her, or to tell her why. For as she—daring, impious fool, as she should for evermore know herself to be—came in through the door to play her ghastly part, she had seen the phantom; seen the horrible presence which she had dared to mock—trifling with fearful mysteries into which none may look without deadly sin—and knew in another instant that it had slain her husband.

Every one had seen the ghost. The Brown Lady was a ten-thousandfold terrible truth to the house of Raby now.

Amidst all the wild confusion, the utter bewilderment of horror and despair, the helpless movement, the clamor just hushing itself involuntarily within the immediate neighborhood of the dead, the frantic misery of the parents, the grief of the friends, the sheer fright of the servants—Adeline was quiet, and alone. She sat still upon the floor, her burden on her knees, her arms clasped round it, and her head bent over the still, white face. The medical aid, which they knew too well could not avail, was sent for, and to all entreaties she was deaf.

"When the doctor comes, he shall touch him; no one till then; leave me alone till then."

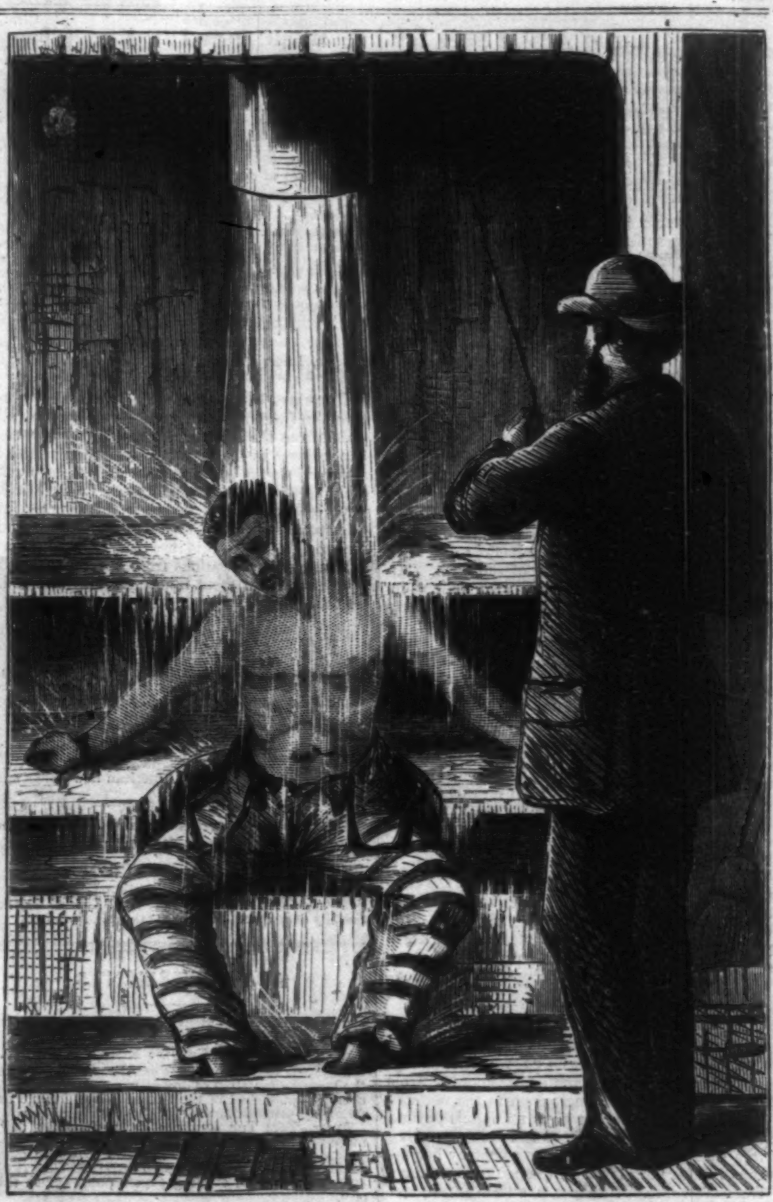
They shrank from her appalled, as she gathered up the shining satin train, and flung it like a sheet over her head. It fell around her figure, and lay over the dead man; but as she sat there, though her senses remained to her, Adeline Burnham's heart died.

* * * * * *

In the picture-gallery at Burnham Castle there is an empty space where the portrait of the French countess hung; but a deeper and more tragical interest is attached to the Brown Lady, and the neighborhood has stronger faith than ever in the Burnham ghost.

THE APPARITION.

DON N. M. RIVERO, PRESIDENT OF THE SPANISH CORTES.



PUNISHMENT OF CONVICTS—TORTURE AND DEATH BY THE SHOWER-BATH AT SING SING.

DON N. M. RIVERO,

PRESIDENT OF THE SPANISH CORTES.

Nicolas Maria Rivero, the President of the Spanish Cortes, is a little over fifty years of age. At the beginning of his educational career he determined to adopt the profession of medicine. But his views changed and he devoted himself to law, and became one of the most distinguished advocates in Madrid. He entered upon political life in 1847, when he was nominated a deputy, and in this position he leaned toward the ranks of the liberal opposition. The events of 1848 confirmed this predilection, and with the assistance of his democratic compatriots he established the journal *La Discussion*. The persecutions which he underwent under the ministry of Marshal Narvaez caused him to abandon this enterprise. He was one of the most ardent promoters of the revolution of 1847, and was a vice-president of the Revolutionary Committee. He rendered important services to his country by his eloquence and his energy, and especially by the zeal with which he sought to harmonize contending factions and to promote tranquillity and general security. As Alcalde of Madrid he acquired the affections of all his fellow-citizens.

The choice of M. Rivero as President of the Spanish Cortes at this important crisis is a remarkable and well-deserved token of the esteem in which he is held by the best citizens of his country.

PUNISHMENT OF CONVICTS.

It has been made a question whether our States' prisons ought not to be made reforma-

HEROIC ACTION OF MISS IDA LEWIS—RESCUE OF TWO DROWNING SOLDIERS IN NEWPORT HARBOR.—[See Page 254.]

tory in their discipline as well as penal. Certainiy the recent developments at Sing Sing show that our prison discipline itself sadly needs reform. Scarcely has the excitement which attended the late attempted revolt of the convicts died away before we hear of a succession of horrors. One prisoner is murdered by another, and the punishment of one of the convicts by a shower-bath results in his death. In regard to the latter case, to which our illustration on page 253 especially refers, it is stated that the victim was a young man suffering under disease of the heart. He was so feeble that the physician of the institution exempted him from labor. Certainly those who inflicted upon him the penalty of a showering under these circumstances were guilty of brutal conduct. It is charged that convicts at this prison are condemned to work when they are on the verge of death.

It is hardly possible that those whose duty it is to visit our prisons as inspectors can reach these grievous errors in discipline. They do not see them. They are feasted by the Warden, take a hasty glance at the convicts, and depart no wiser than when they came.

Is there no remedy for this evil? Two things, certainly, it seems to us may be secured. The keepers may be appointed on account of their fitness for the position. They ought to be missionaries in the largest sense of the term. At least, they need not be brutes who delight in witnessing tortures needlessly inflicted. Then, again, the whole system ought to be altered. The question of prison reform is one which has been agitated for a long time. "The nearest approach to a solution of the great problem," says the New York *Times*, "has been reached in Ireland, where a system of graduated punishments, rewards, and privileges has been for some years practiced with the most encouraging effects. This method, we are informed, is now sought to be introduced into the prisons of this country. Its adoption is urged upon the Legislature of this State by the Prison Association of New York—a society which has been twenty-four years in existence, and through the agency of which many marked improvements in the conduct of the prisons and treatment of criminals have been effected."

If some such system be adopted, and the keepers be judiciously selected, two important steps will have been taken in the way of a much needed reform.

THE MODERN GRACE DARLING.

The illustration given on page 253 represents one of the most daring and heroic actions of this or any other age. A mere item in the newspapers tells the story, but gives no details beyond the brief statement that Miss Ida Lewis, rowing in a squall from the light-house kept by her father in Newport Harbor, rescued two soldiers from drowning. Unlike Grace Darling, she was alone; not even her father was present to support and assist her in her humane mission. The bravery which she manifested is an ornament to womanhood as well as to Christianity.

We learn that, since the event which we have illustrated, Miss Lewis has rescued two other persons from drowning. It is said that she has saved in this way quite a number of lives. She is only 23 years of age. Her father is keeper of the Lime Rock Light-house, near Fort Adams, but, being an invalid, the duties of his office have devolved principally upon his wife and this brave daughter. The latter takes daily trips, whatever the weather, to Newport—one and a half miles from the light-house; and we may readily believe her when she claims that she can row a boat faster than any man in Newport.

THE CITY ASLEEP.

Still as the seas serene and deep,
  When all the winds are laid,
The city sleeps so still, its sleep
  Maketh the soul afraid.

Over the living waters see,
  The heavenly mysteries go,
The dim moon glides hushfully
  Through stars like flakes of snow.

In dusky silver here and there
  The fallen moon-rays gleam;
Hark! a dull stir is in the air,
  Like the stir of one in dream.

Through all the hushed waters creep
  Deep thrills of strange unrest,
Like washings of the windless deep
  When it is peacefulest.

A little while—God's breath will go
  And hush the flood no more;
The dawn will break—the wind will blow,
  The waters rise and roar.

Each day with sounds of strife and death
  The waters rise, and call
Each midnight, conquered by God's breath,
  To their dead calm they fall.

Out of his heart the fountains flow,
  The brook, the running river;
He marks them strangely come and go,
  Forever and forever.

And darker, deeper, one by one,
  After a weary quest
They from the light and moon and sun
  Flow back into his breast.

Love hold my hand! Be of good cheer!
  For His would be the guilt,
If out of all the waters here
  One little drop were spilt.

Think while the city sleeps so dumb
  'Neath staring eyes that yearn,
Out of His veins each drop hath come,
  And thither *must* return.

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I agree to give $1000 to any charitable institution of this city, if either of the above propositions is proved to be incorrect; $2000 if two of them are proved to be incorrect; and $3000 if the three should prove to be incorrect; *provided* the proprietors of the newspaper accepting the challenge agree to forfeit the same amounts in case the above statements are decided in favor of The Evening News. Each party to select the proprietor of some first-class newspaper, and if the two should not agree, they to select a third.

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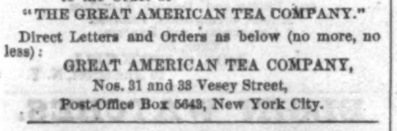

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